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Memories
of
Old Cahaba

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MEMORIES OF

Old Cahaba

BY

ANNA M. GAYLE FRY

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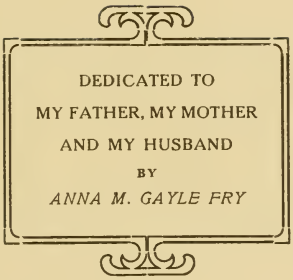

DEDICATED TO
MY FATHER, MY MOTHER
AND MY HUSBAND
BY
ANNA M. GAYLE FRY

INTRODUCTION.

In the following pages I have been particular in my descriptions of Cahaba, because I wanted to present as nearly as possible a "pen picture" of the place as it existed and the people as I recollect them before time and age shall have entirely obliterated the scenes from memory.

I have faithfully endeavored to describe truthfully each place as it was, the individuals as they appeared, and life as it was lived in the old days.

In doing this, I have attempted to do what others better fitted should have done, for there is no place richer in history and tradition and none more worthy the pen of the most gifted writer.

Anna M. Gayle Fry.

Cahaba History.

CAHABA HISTORY.

At the foot of the picturesque Cahaba Hills, on the banks of the majestic Alabama, just above the mouth of the beautiful little Cahaba, where their waters glide into each other's embrace on their way to the sea, is located the old, historic town of Cahaba—a place replete with romantic interest, and in its mighty ruins a forceful reminder that man, proud man, cannot build against the destructive inroads of time, circumstance, and political influence.

Around this deserted village, this now lonely, neglected hamlet, centered some of the most historic characters of the South, and it has the proud distinction of having been the first capital of Alabama, after she was admitted into the galaxy of States, when she was yet in her infancy, with her great wealth unknown and her many natural resources undeveloped and undreamed of.

From early historians we learn that, as far back as 1713, the locality at the mouth of the Cahaba River, which from the remains of the old fort and trenches seen there, is thought to be the present site of the town, was one of importance, and was once occupied by the officers of Crozart, a rich merchant of Paris, He received a large grant of land from the French King Louis XV., and established military and trading posts at different points in this country, when it was under French dominion, and is known in history and romance as "The Prince of Louisiana."

THE OLD CAPITOL AT CAHABA AND AVENUE OF MULBERRY TREES.

Finding the location too unprotected from the barbarous attacks of Indians, it was abandoned in early days and remained in the unbroken wilds of nature until 1816, when it became among the first election precincts established.

These elections were held at the houses of George Tubs, Joseph Britton, Cap Yost, and a Mr. Federicks, and were precincts of Montgomery County, which at that time embraced all Central Alabama.

At the last meeting of the Territorial Legislature, at old St. Stephens in 1818, a number of new counties were formed, among them Dallas County. At the same time a committee was appointed, under an Act of this Legislature, to select a more central point for the capital of the State of Alabama. C. C. Clay, Samuel Dale, James Titus, William L. Adams, and Samuel Taylor composed this committee.

When the General Assembly convened at Huntsville the following year, the Commissioners reported they had selected a locality at the mouth of the Cahaba River for the capital, and by that Legislature of 1819 the town of Cahaba was incorporated, lots laid out, and a location for the government buildings selected by Governor William Bibb, who appointed Luther Blake, Carlisle Humphreys, and Willis Roberts to hold the first town election.

Cahaba at this early day was not only the capital of the State, but was also the seat of justice of Dallas County, and soon sprung into an important business and social center, despite its unfortunate geographical location. Lying in a valley, the Alabama River in front, with the Cahaba River flowing around the northwestern and northern portion of the town, and Clear

Creek on the west, the place is almost surrounded by streams of water, which become swollen torrents and subject it to heavy overflows during the wet season.

Who the early settlers of Cahaba were in its brilliant capitolian days, and of their life there, little or nothing is known. Few or none of their personalities can now be recalled, and their memories are but a shadowy dream of an almost forgotten past.

Brewer and Garrett mention as belonging to Cahaba in those early times only Jesse Beene, Thomas Casey, and Horatio G. Perry, all prominent men who resided there. It is presumed the Governor's mansion was there, and that it was occupied by Governor William Bibb, Governor Thomas Bibb, Governor Pickens, when they were Chief Executives of the State, and that James J. Pleasants, James I. Thornton, Jack F. Ross, Henry Minor, Samuel Pickens, and Reuben Saffold were all citizens of Cahaba when they were officials of the State; also Joseph Mays, who, in 1813, had charge of the land office which was located there —but there is no record to tell us in what part of the town these prominent people resided.

In an old account book, dated "Cahaba, 1818-1830," are found a few other names of old residents of Cahaba and surrounding country, which may be of interest to the present generation, as some of those mentioned are, doubtless, ancestors of those of the same name who still reside in Dallas County. Among them is John Cotton, due for the rent of a house in 1818. Unfortunately the price is not stated to give us an idea of the value of property in the town at that early day, but farther on one Merrett is charged with the lease of two cabins on lot 31, at $7 a month, from

which fact Cahaba property seems to have brought a good income.

In this book are also found the names of William B. Allen, David Sheppard, N. Cocheron, Samuel Kendall, Willis Roberts, John Radcliff, Luther Blake, Carlisle Humphreys, Shirley Biwell, R. Wade, Peyton King, William Judge, John Gayle, E. W. Saunders, James Welsh, Thomson of Bogue Chitto, Joseph Mays, John McElroy, a "gentleman taylor," Dalton & Riggs, merchants, Campbell & Hanna, lawyers; also William Gill, a lawyer, who owned considerable property in the town.

In 1820 Cahaba had two newspapers, a land office, State bank, stores, private boarding houses, hotels, schools, and churches we presume, though there is no mention made of a church until later on.

In 1822 a large amount of public land was sold in Cahaba at public outcry. Lands in the vicinity of the town brought $1.25 an acre. In a few weeks these same lands were worth $60 and $70 an acre, and in a few months could not be had at any price. There was a great demand for city lots, and it has been stated that unimproved lots in the central portion of the town in 1822 sold as high as $5,025, and that the sale of 184 lots amounted to over $120,000, which amount was added to the sum set aside by the Legislature for government buildings.

The capitol was a solid square brick structure, two stories high, surmounted by an imposing dome, said to be similar in appearance to the old capitol building of St. Augustine, Fla., which was erected in the same year. On either side of the broad hall that ran through the center of the first floor were the executive and

State offices. The second floor, composed of two large rooms, was occupied by the Senate and House of Representatives.

The town was now growing and continued to improve rapidly until 1825, when the largest flood ever known in the history of this country swept down the Alabama and Cahaba Rivers and completely inundated Cahaba. According to tradition, the Legislature was in session when the flood came and the different representatives had to be rowed in boats and landed in the second story of the capitol, to reach the legislative halls. Many of the private residences and public buildings were injured by the overflow, and when a portion of the Statehouse fell Cahaba was no longer deemed safe as the seat of government, and at a meeting of the next Legislature, in January, 1826, the capital was removed to Tuscaloosa. Cahaba now became almost abandoned.

Though it still remained the county seat of Dallas County, many of the most influential inhabitants moved away and the town rapidly declined. Many of the houses were torn down and moved to Mobile. Many of those left were unoccupied. Rare flowers bloomed in the lonely yards in neglected wild luxuriance. Beautiful climbing roses waved mournfully to the breeze from decaying galleries, and the grass grew in the principal streets as though months had passed since foot had touched it. The place was lonely and deserted.

And this, a few months before, was the gay capital of the State of Alabama, famed for its thrift and industry, its hospitality, and its chivalry! A sad commentary on the uncertainty and mutability of human hopes, human endeavors, and human ambition!

Abandoned to its neglected fate, the little village struggled on until more fortunate days dawned upon it, and after a few years began to rise "Phœnix-like" from its ashes and again assume its old importance. In those early days stagecoaches and steamboats, frequently flatboats and barges, were the only mode of conveyance. There were no railroads in Alabama at that time. Indeed, we are told that the longest continuous line of railroad known in the world, even so late as 1836, was from Augusta, Ga., to Charleston, S. C., and that only one hundred and fifty miles long.

Back of Cahaba, and extending into the counties of Green and Perry, were rich lands that were rapidly being cleared and developed into a productive agricultural country, whose only market was Mobile; Cahaba was the most accessible point to ship from, and in the early thirties it was the largest and most important shipping point on the Alabama River, and the town was then making rapid strides in prosperity.

Large warehouses were built, old residences repaired, and new ones erected. With the sound of hammer and buzz of saw people began to again flock there, and the place once more became the mart of a busy community.

In 1830 Campbell and Hanna were still advertised as lawyers at Cahaba; also Jesse Beene, Horatio Perry, James C. Calhoun, Burwell Boykin, and James D. Craig.

In 1832 George W. Gayle is added to the list, with Daniel Coggin, R. R. Chamberlain, R. E. B. Baylor, William W. Fambro, William Gayle, John R. Hood, Joseph W. Outlaw, William L. Phillips, A. J. Saffold,

Horace Cone, and James B. Clarke, better known as "Chancellor Clarke."

The prominent physicians at this time were J. F. Heustis, B. H. Hogan, P. W. Herbert, and L. B. Earle. The merchants mentioned are W. L. Dunham and Crocheran & Perine, who settled in Cahaba as early as 1820.

In addition we found the names of the following persons in 1833: John Hardy, John McLoughlin, Taylor Rogers, Italus Brown, Thomas J. Froud, B. H. Ruthland, Jesse Ross, James Grumbles, N. Harder, Theosophile Jordon, Mrs. Lilian Huddleston, James Wilson, Robert Nott, John Hill, James Flanegan, T. M. Jackson, Dave Adams, Archebald Fair, Joseph Hildebrand, William Curtis, Joseph Derry, M. A. Parnell, Levi Comolander, A. Avery, Mathew Gayle, Billups Gayle, Alfred Averett, Nathan Jackson, James Nelson, W. Crenshaw, John M. Speed, Mrs. Margaret Blakey, John Cargill, Tom McGowan, John Guiwn, M. Garrett, John Mosely, Smeed, Eliot, McDonald, William Whitehead, John Lovett, William Lovett, Jacob Hoot, Dr. Underwood, Thomas Holiway, H. Kirkland, Dr. Thomas W. Gill, George Mathews, Thomas M. Mathews, Joel E. Mathews, Peter E. Mathews, Daniel Norwood, William H. Norris, and Eathan I. Brown in charge of the land office.

The town continued to grow rapidly until 1833, when another flood swept over the place, and again it was in a measure depopulated, but in a year or two recovered, and in 1836 began to rebuild and improve. Some of the old citizens had left never to return, but new people came to take their place.

William L. Yancey was now editing the Cahaba

Reporter, Ben C. Yancey, William Hunter, and George R. Evans were added to the list of lawyers, and William R. King, at this time Senator, afterwards Vice President of the United States, was a frequent visitor in the town. Marant & Warford were among the most prosperous merchants, and J. T. Wilson was in the land office. He was succeeded by J. M. Garland, who also became a resident of Cahaba.

In 1833 a foot bridge spanned the Cahaba River at the foot of Vine Street, the principal business street, and many pretty homes and residences were built in that part of the city known as "Over the Point."

There were still the remains of an old graveyard to be found there, with one tomb protected by an iron fence in a good state of preservation up to the early seventies—the tomb of a Mr. Joseph Derry, one of Bonaparte's soldiers, who came to this country in 1818, with the French exiles who settled at Demopolis. From there he removed to Cahaba and lived "Over the Point."

Bereft of all kindred and utterly alone in the world, this old French gentleman made his home during the latter years of his life at the residence of Dr. T. W. Gill, near his plantation on the Cahaba and Marion road, and died there in 1853 or 1854. His last request was to be taken to Cahaba and buried "Over the Point." This lonely grave was plainly visible from the old ferry road leading from Cahaba to Selma.

In the forties and fifties and up to the early sixties Cahaba was in the zenith of its prosperity. The exact number of the inhabitants of the place cannot now be accurately known. Some claim for it as high as 5,000 inhabitants, others say the population ranged from

2,500 to 3,000 residents and never exceeded that number.

But it was not in the numbers, but more the character, of its inhabitants that made the town famous. Its social life, the wealth and intellect of its people, the eminence and influence of its men, the beauty and accomplishments of its women, and the lordly, generous hospitality of the people at large, combined with the highest cultivation and refinement, gave Cahaba a prominence that was unsurpassed by any place in Alabama, or indeed by any place in the South, which fact is conceded by all who were ever familiar with the town in the days of its prosperity.

In his life of William L. Yancey, the author, John W. Duboise, pays Cahaba a beautiful tribute when he says: "In all America, in town or country, no people sat down to more bounteous dinners, served by better servants, on richer mahogany; no people wore more fashionable clothes, rode better groomed horses, wrote a purer vernacular, or spoke it with gentler tones." As it was in 1836, so it continued to the end. In all the Southern country there was not another community more thoroughly representative of the South's best and highest cultivation than was shown in and around Cahaba.

The people, being generally wealthy, with many slaves and large plantations located near by in the surrounding country, had an abundance of leisure to extend a generous hospitality, which they did in a royal manner, and there was no limit to the round of visiting and entertainment, which was continuous and practically endless.

This mode of life, among an educated and a culti-

vated people, led to the development of the highest social life that characterized Cahaba until the ruin that overswept the South after the Civil War.

There was found the charm, the romance of the old South, with its feudal institutions, its pride and purity of social life in all of its unbounded hospitality. It was the political center of Alabama, and the most prominent statesmen of the day were familiar figures in the social and business life of the place.

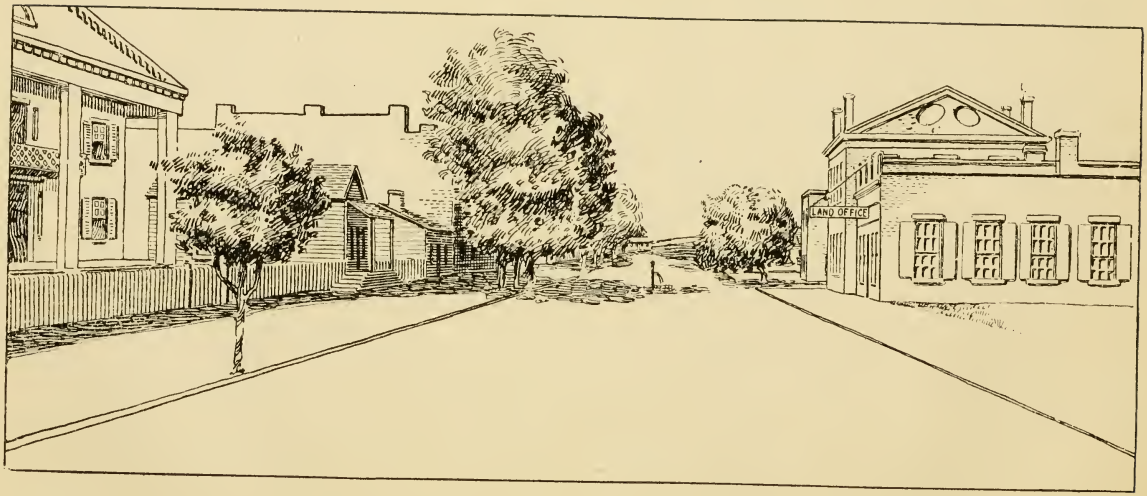
The town was built on the model of Philadelphia. The same style of arranging the streets and the same system of naming them was adopted.

Like Philadelphia, this old Southern capital had its Vine, Walnut, Oak, Mulberry, Chestnut, Ash, Beech, and Pine Streets, that ran north and south.

Capitol Avenue was one of the fashionable residence streets that extended east and west through the center of the town. The streets to the north of it were called First North Street, Second North Street, Third North Street, and so on up to Sixth North Street. Those south of Capitol Avenue were designated as First South Street, Second South Street, and so on to Sixth South Street.

When Cahaba was the capital, the Statehouse stood in the center of the square, on the corner of Vine Street and Capitol Avenue.

As I have before stated, Vine Street was at that time and continued to be the principal business street of the town. It was ornamented by ancient shade trees, gnarled and seamed; china berry, mulberry, and water oaks lined the streets on each side, a custom with most Southern cities in early days. The place presented quite the air of a city, with paved walks,



VINE STREET BETWEEN CAPITOL AVENUE AND FIRST SOUTH STREET.

large public buildings of brick, telegraph office, insurance office, three well-edited papers, four churches, beautiful private residences, handsome suburban villas, and marvelous overflowing wells, whose waters darted high up in the air and fell in sheets of snowy foam, in sparkling, perpetually flowing streams. There were seventy-five of these wells counted within the corporate limits of the town, some of them costing from two to three thousand dollars, and affording quantity of pure sweet water that made them the admiration and envy of the whole country.

There was also a large academy built of brick, "The Cahaba Female Academy," which was extensively patronized both at home and by other parts of the State. It contained a fine library and laboratory for philosophical and chemical research that cost several thousand dollars presented by Mr. Eaton, the first principal. The building was almost a facsimile in style to the old Dallas Academy of Selma, so long used as a courthouse. It was regarded as one of the most important institutions of learning in the State, and in the years that it flourished was in charge of some of the finest educators of the day.

In 1853 Mr. Thomas J. Portis was Principal of the Academy. He afterwards became one of the most prominent lawyers and influential citizens of Cahaba, where he resided until after the Civil War. In 1857-58 Professor Town became Principal. In 1860 Mrs. Roberson and Mrs. Adams, two accomplished ladies, had it in charge. They were followed by Professor Lowery, an Irish gentleman, reputed to be one of the finest teachers in Alabama. He was succeeded by Rev. Powhattan Collins, who taught at Cahaba in 1864-65.

Here still resided some of the most prominent lawyers of the South. In the forties and fifties the bar of Dallas County was represented by such brilliant minds as John R. Campbell, Judge George R. Evans, John A. Lodor, Jesse Beene, George W. Gayle, John D. Hunter, Rees D. Gayle, Judge William E. Bird, John Lapsley, A. W. Spaight, William Boyd, Daniel Troy, N. H. R. Dawson, Frank Saunders, P. G. Woods, Reginald Dawson, Orsin Howell, A. H. Jackson, B. H. Craig, Thomas H. Lewis, P. G. Woods, and many others whose names have passed into the limitless silence of almost forgotten years, while later on, in 1857 or 1858, the names of E. W. Pettus, John T. Morgan, and John White appear to add an additional luster to the list of scholarly men who at this time made Cahaba their home.

The years have swept ruthlessly over these grand characters, and of those above mentioned William Boyd and A. W. Spaight, of Galveston, Tex., and John White, of Birmingham, are all who are now living of this intellectual coterie who marked that brililant epoch of Cahaba history.

In 1852 Judge Rainer occupied the bench of the Probate Court, and continued in office until 1865, when he died, lamented by all who knew him. Bob Roberts was Clerk of the Court from 1852 to 1860. He was a large-hearted man of generous impulses, and made a popular officer, generally beloved, especially by the children, to whom he was always kind and liberal. He died in the early sixties. Judge James Evans—a man equally beloved—succeeded Mr. Roberts in the clerk's office, where he remained until elect-

THE ACADEMY.

ed to fill the vacancy in the Probate Court caused by the death of Judge Rainer.

Abner Brazile was the efficient Clerk of the Circuit Court. Comolander, with his self-important air, was conspicuous as high constable. Many ridiculous jokes were told by the lawyers, illustrative of his bombastic language, and many a hearty laugh enjoyed at his grotesque mistakes.

On one occasion there was an important case to be tried, where the opposing council was anxious for a continuance. Much time had been spent in argument for and against the motion, when some one, tired out with the delay, secretly dropped a pod of red pepper on the stove. Everybody, judge, lawyers, and all the officials of the court, immediately became convulsed with sneezing. As soon as he could control himself, the judge called upon Comolander "to make an investigation, report the cause, and arrest the culprit."

After a long and tedious search, Comolander returned to the courtroom and said: "May your honor please, I have made a careful examination of the entire premises, and can find no cause for the sneezing except that the whole house is unanimously condensed." At this amazing announcement court was immediately adjourned amid peals of uproarious laughter.

Warren Andrews, sheriff of the county, was an important figure in all public parades, and Calvin Harris, who succeeded him, also became a resident of the town.

The prominent physicians of those years, the late forties and early fifties, were Dr. John English, Dr. Robert English, Dr. J. Ulmer, Dr. Troy, Dr. C. K.

Farley, and Dr. Thomas Hunter. In their chosen profession they had few superiors, and were all intellectual, cultivated gentlemen of the highest type.

On Vine Street, at the corner of Second North Street, stood the famous old Bell Tavern, a rambling two-story frame building, painted white with green blinds, raised only a few inches from the ground. This building was closely connected with the early history of Cahaba. For years it was the favorite stopping place of the celebrated lawyers when they visited the capital or attended court, and for the politicians and wealthy planters who gathered at this gay little metropolis on their way to Mobile. Here they would spend days, "waiting for the boat," passing the time in playing billiards or a gentlemanly game of poker, where the stakes nightly went far into the thousands, and valuable slaves frequently changed masters to satisfy a "debt of honor."

Tradition has it that here too a grand banquet was given to LaFayette when he visited the capital of Alabama in 1825. He remained in Cahaba three days, and was entertained with much pomp and ceremony. A large, beautiful triumphal arch was erected in his honor. It stood in the center of Vine Street between Capitol Avenue and First North Street, immediately in front of where the Saltmarsh Hall was afterwards built, and not far from the artesian well on Vine Street. Through this arch LaFayette passed to the Statehouse, amid the boom of cannon, ringing of bells, and the loud cheers of hundreds who had assembled to do him honor.

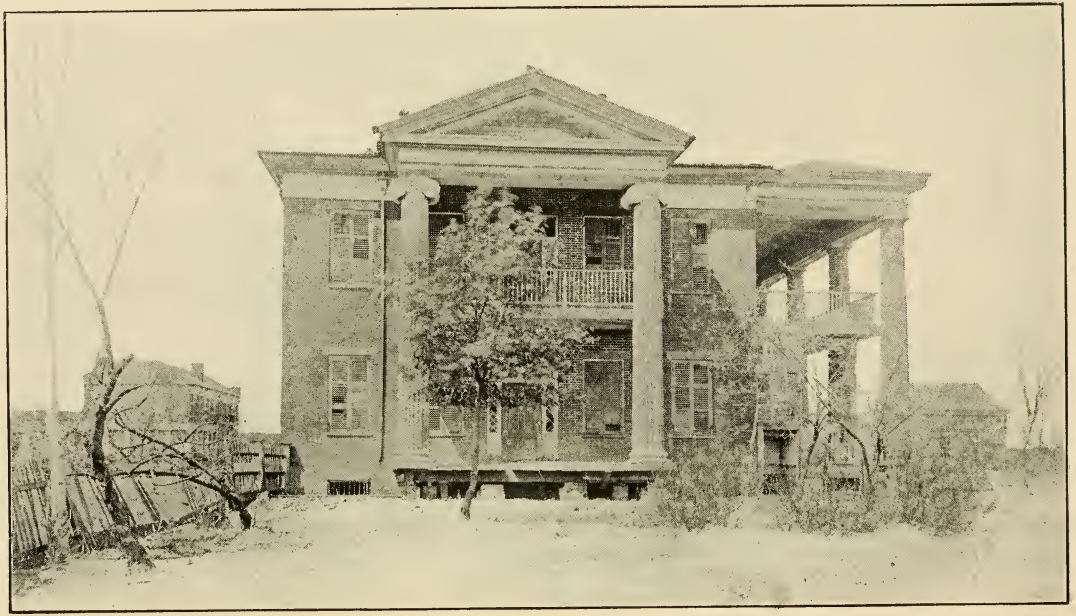
The Bell Tavern continued to be the principal place of entertainment during the early fifties. Many were

the grand balls given there in those olden times! Many were the beautiful belles resplendent in brocaded satin, costly laces and diamonds, who had "tread a measure" with the stately cavaliers of those days, or merrily danced the Virginia reel in that long old ballroom, 'neath the soft mellow light of spermaceti candles or the old-fashioned lard oil lamps, with their ground glass shades. During the Confederate war this old building was used as a hospital, and the ballroom was filled with the long rows of white cots, where the sick and wounded of our own army and those from the prison of Northern soldiers were carefully nursed back to life again, regardless of the flag under which they fought.

On the banks just above the mouth of the Cahaba, and fronting the Alabama River, was one of the most beautiful and elegant homes of early days, the old Crocheran place, which is still standing, though a wreck of its former glory. This house was built by Mr. Henry Crocheran, a prominent gentleman from New York, who married a sister of Mr. Simeon Watts, of Cahaba, and Col. Ed Walls, of Selma, two of the wealthiest citizens of Dallas County.

Mr. Crocheran was one of the firm of "Crocheran & Perine," a wealthy mercantile house that located in Cahaba in 1820 or 1821, and whose members were largely identified with the growth and improvement of the town.

In 1859 or 1860 Col. Sam Hill, another wealthy merchant and planter, owned this property, and the brick store back of the residence, fronting on Second North Street, was occupied by the mercantile firm of Hill & Somerville. In the same vicinity were sev-



THE OLD CROCHERAN HOUSE,

Where Gen. Wilson met Gen. Forrest and arranged for exchange of prisoners after the battle of Selma.

eral millinery establishments, shoe stores, the fashionable tailor shops of John and William Bassett and Jerry Lister, and Brenner's tin shop.

In 1865 the Crocheran place was the residence of Col. Thomas M. Mathews, who was uniformly a Union man without disguise, and it was here at his house that General Wilson, of the United States Army, met General N. B. Forrest, of the Confederate Army, and arranged the terms for the surrender of the Confederate forces or the exchange of prisoners captured at Selma.

On the southwest corner of Vine and Second North Streets, opposite the Bell Tavern, was an imposing two-story brick building, erected for W. P. Dunham (the father of Mrs. H. V. Weedon and Miss Willie Dunham), another wealthy merchant of Cahaba in its early history. In the fifties this was the handsome establishment of E. M. Perine, who later on became one of the firm of Perine & Hunter. In the center of the block across the street was another dry goods firm of note—Warford & Blackwell.

All of these houses carried elegant stocks of goods, and their immense sales amounted to princely incomes. There were many other smaller stores and shops which also did a good business, for at this time Cahaba was still the largest shipping point on the Alabama River. Thousands of bales of cotton were handled there during the season, money was plentiful and always in circulation; the people spent lavishly and enjoyed all that life could give.

In 1859 and 1860 Herbert L. Hudson, a young Englishman who settled in Cahaba and married a daughter of Mr. James D. Craig, a wealthy and in-

fluential citizen, owned the handsome drug store on the southeast corner of Second North and Vine Streets, which was formerly Dr. Smith's old stand. In the same block of buildings at this time were located the large family grocery store of Thomas L. Craig, the jewelry store of Thom Fellows, the dry goods stores of H. I. F. Coleman, L. Engleman, and of Warford; the harness and saddle shop of Hildebrand, the saloons with their swinging green blind doors, the post office, Bowe's bakery, and the fashionable barber shop in charge of Sam Edwards and "Joe the Barber," as he was generally known. These were two free negroes of the mulatto type, whose former owners had returned North and left them in Cahaba. They were well thought of and made many friends among the white people by their good behavior.

There was another negro known as "Free Joe," the most pitiable object I ever saw, and the only object of charity I remember ever to have known in Cahaba. He was also left there by his owners, and was too old and decrepit to provide for himself. He had no home and was utterly destitute, his clothing ragged and worn, and his feet so horribly frostbitten that he could hobble along only with the aid of a stick. He gained a precarious living by begging and slept in any old building in which he could find shelter. His destitute condition appealed warmly to the children of the town, who would beg their parents for food and clothes to give him whenever he came to the different houses; but, strange to say, the negroes had no sympathy for him, and called him an "old free nigger that had no owners;" in fact, the negroes of wealthy owners rather looked down with contempt on all free ne-

groes, and would have but little if any association with them.

In recalling the above-mentioned free negroes I am reminded of two or three others, whose faithfulness as slaves deserves to be crowned with the "laurel wreath of fame." One of these, Walter Diggs, a strong, able-bodied mulatto man, was the body servant of the father of Mr. J. S. Diggs, of Cahaba. On one occasion Mr. Diggs was returning home from a visit to Louisiana with his two daughters and their maid, Walter's wife. On Red River the steamer caught fire and all would have perished but for the noble efforts of this negro, who threw himself in the stream, placed his master on his back, and swam to shore with him. He then returned for the two girls, carrying one under each arm, and after placing them in safety went back the third time and rescued his wife from the burning steamer just before it went under. Freeman or bondman, what greater gift can a man offer than to endanger his own life for the salvation of another? History can chronicle no braver or more heroic act, and none that speaks louder for the Southern slave's devotion to his master of the kindness of the master to his slaves, for only kindness will beget such love and devotion.

Another illustration was found in Ben, the body servant of my Uncle Billups Gayle, a brother of my father, Col. Rees D. Gayle. In 1849 or 1850 my uncle, without the knowledge of my father, went to Missouri to buy lands, and carried with him a large sum of money in a leather belt buckled around his body, as was then the custom. At St. Louis he became violently ill, and upon the advice of a physician Ben, his

faithful body servant, placed him on a steamer and brought him home in a perfectly helpless and unconscious condition. On his arrival Ben at once unbuckled the leather belt from around his own body, handed it to my father, told him the amount of money it contained, and asked him to count it and see that it was all there. He then handed him my uncle's purse, told him the amount that was in it, and accounted for every dime he had used on the trip home. Not a cent was missing out of the entire amount. This conduct, on the part of a negro, impressed every one as a wonderful illustration of honesty and fidelity. While Missouri was not a free State, it was so near the "Missouri Compromise line" that Ben could easily have escaped to the free States, and with so large an amount of money been independent for life. He told my father that a number of abolitionists had tried to induce him to leave my uncle at St. Louis and go North with them, but he preferred to come home. He was afterwards offered his freedom, which he declined to accept. When my uncle died, a year or two later, he became my father's coachman, and was a faithful, devoted servant up to the day of his death.

Across on the west side of Vine Street, near Perine's store, was Krout's confectionery and restaurant, where at all times the most delicious confections could be found. Next were the offices occupied by the lawyers and physicians, who rested and enjoyed themselves in the long summer afternoons sitting under the venerable mulberry and China trees that still shade the walks on each side of the street. We see them now, heads uncovered, chairs tilted back, feet resting against the trees, laughing and talking as in olden days, but quick

VIEW OF VINE STREET,

Showing Perine's store and the mulberry trees on the left where the difficulty occurred in which the Bells were killed by Dr. Hunter and Judge Bird.

to resent any infringement of their personal dignity or rights of property.

It was here, on Vine Street, between First North Street and Second North Street, that the celebrated encounter took place between the Bells, Judge Bird, Dr. Troy, and Dr. Thomas Hunter, marriage connections of Judge Bird. It was a fight to the death, in which Col. John Bell and his son, John Bell, Jr., both lost their lives. The difficulty grew out of a number of robberies that had but recently occurred in Cahaba and the burning of several houses which the most dispassionate could but believe was the work of an incendiary. Suspicion rested on a notoriously bad negro by the name of Pleas, who at one time belonged to Mr. E. M. Perine, and who sold him to young John Bell because of his uncontrollable conduct.

Pleas was a bright, smart negro, and so efficient a servant that, despite his bad reputation, he became a great favorite with the Bells, from whom he completely succeeded in concealing his faults.

In those days to accuse a gentleman's servant of crime, especially a favorite servant, was regarded almost as great an insult as to accuse the gentleman himself, and a master would fight in defense of his slaves as quickly as he would in defense of his children —hence no one dared make public the accusation against the negro; but when Dr. Troy's residence fell a victim to flames, followed in quick succession by the destruction of Judge Bird's house in the same way, then Judge Bird became so exasperated that he openly charged this negro with arson, and denounced the Bells as accessories to the crime. Accusation followed accusation, recrimination recrimination, until it ended

in the fatal meeting. The parties involved were all prominent in social life. Feeling ran high on both sides, everybody in the town in a measure became involved in the feud, and it is impossible to describe the excitement and grief that prevailed when the difficulty terminated and the tragedy became known.

The Dallas Hall, the principal hotel in Cahaba in 1856 and 1857, was located one block south of Perine's store on the northwest corner of Vine and First North Street. In 1858 or 1859 this building was remodeled and known as "Aicardie's Hotel," which was famed for its magnificent cooking, elegant saloon, and fine bar.

Fronting on First North Street, back of Aicardie's Hotel, was Barker's livery stable with its large overflowing well on the east side of the house near the front door. This stable was in charge of Burwell Gibson. It was well supplied with fine horses and with all the most up-to-date vehicles.

Back of Barker's stable, fronting on Second North Street, opposite the old Ocheltree House, was another large livery stable known as Bell's stable.

On the northwest corner of Walnut and Second North Streets stood the market house and calaboose, a brick building of unimposing dimensions. Every night, exactly at nine o'clock, rain or shine, this old market house bell rang, and after that hour any negro found on the streets without "a pass" from his owner was arrested by the patrols (or "patarollers," as the negroes called them), and thrown into the calaboose. This was one of the strictest ordinances of the town, and one most rigidly enforced.

In front of the market house, on the southwest corner

of Walnut and First North Streets was Barker's Hotel, afterwards kept by Bob Trayers. On the southeast corner of Walnut and First North Streets stood the Odd Fellows' Hall, a two-story brick building erected in 1859 or 1860. On the southwest corner of Vine and First North Streets, in the center of the town, was the large two-story brick building known as Saltmarsh Hall, a part of which was used as a Masonic Lodge. Here in the late fifties or early sixties all the public entertainments were given. Here gathered the oligarchs of fashion. Here the courtly, dignified N. H. R. Dawson opened the ball on the 25th of January, Jackson's day, or the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, at "the head of the set," in the old-fashioned cotillion, with beautiful, fascinating Mrs. Beene, or led the grand march at the G. G. H. balls, when the gentlemen were all "in masque," with graceful, charming Mrs. Pegues, or Mrs. Virginia Mathews, stately in point lace and diamonds, with the air and manner of an empress. Here assembled the wealthy Minters and Moletts, the aristocratic Boykins, from Portland beat, and the talented Saffolds,* from their plantations in the surrounding country. Here were seen tableaux representing magnificent, historical scenes, romantic scenes from Byron and Moore, and political scenes, illustrative of the stormy times of the secession period. Here were held the political meetings of the sixties when those old walls reverberated with the patriotic eloquence of E. W. Pettus, John T. Morgan, George W. Gayle, Rees D. Gayle, John White, C. C. Pegues,

*Judge Milton Saffold, later of Montgomery, and Judge Ben Saffold, of Selma.

and noted Southern orators who visited the town. Here the flag was presented to the Cahaba Rifles, Dallas County's bravest and most gallant sons, on the eve of their departure for the scene of conflict, in an address eloquent with patriotism by Miss Anna M. Vasser; and here in the name of that company Capt. Christopher C. Pegues accepted that banner and swore to bear it on to "victory or to death." Right royally was that oath fulfilled. In the front, on every battlefield, from Manassas to Fredericksburg, the flag of the Cahaba Rifles was borne proudly aloft and never seen to waver. Three of its standard bearers fell, yielding their lives in its defense.

The third young Horace Chilton, one of the most valiant—"the bravest of the brave"—carried it in the thickest of the fight at Cold Harbor, Va., and was killed in the battle; other loyal hands came to its rescue before it "trailed the dust," and the standard of the Cahaba Rifles continued to wave until captured on the retreat from Pennsylvania. Only a few, "a mere handful," of those brave men were left to tell the story of that retreat and of this flag, furled forever in the hands of the enemy.

In the center of Vine Street, between First North Street and Capitol Avenue, was another large overflowing well, from which a sparkling flow of water fell in a cemented basin, covering it like a delicate silver drapery. Near by this well, fronting on First North Street, was the courthouse, a double, two-story brick building, with iron shutters painted green, and two small oblong windows placed like eyeglasses in the east and west ends of the house just below the roof, suggestive of the ever-watchful and all-seeing eye of

justice, and it was here in front of the courthouse on First North Street that all negroes sold at public sale were put on the block and auctioned off to the highest bidder. In the same vicinity were the jail, the steamboat offices, and the private residence of Mrs. Eliza Babcock, and immediately back of the residence on the banks of the Alabama River was the old Babcock warehouse.

On the east side of Vine Street, in the center of the block between First North Street and Capitol Avenue, were the Probate Court office and the Public Land office, a flat, one-story brick building of four rooms, with hall between.

On the southwest corner of Vine Street and Capitol Avenue, on the grounds where the statehouse once stood, known as Capitol Square, was the office and residence of Col. George W. Gayle, a pretty frame cottage, with a long gallery in front standing far back in the yard at the end of a broad avenue, shaded by wide-spreading mulberry trees, said to be the same that ornamented the capitol grounds. Here were enjoyed many social pleasures in the old days in the genial society of Colonel Gayle and his family, who loved to gather their friends around them. Adjoining Colonel Gayle's office on Pine Street was an old place, in early years occupied by Mr. E. M. Perine, but which in 1866 or 1867 was the hospitable home of Mr. Frank Milhous.

Fronting on Capitol Avenue, on the northeast corner of Pine Street and Capitol Avenue, was the Somerville place, a landmark of earlier days, when it was kept as a hotel by Mr. William Curtis, one of the oldest citizens of Cahaba.

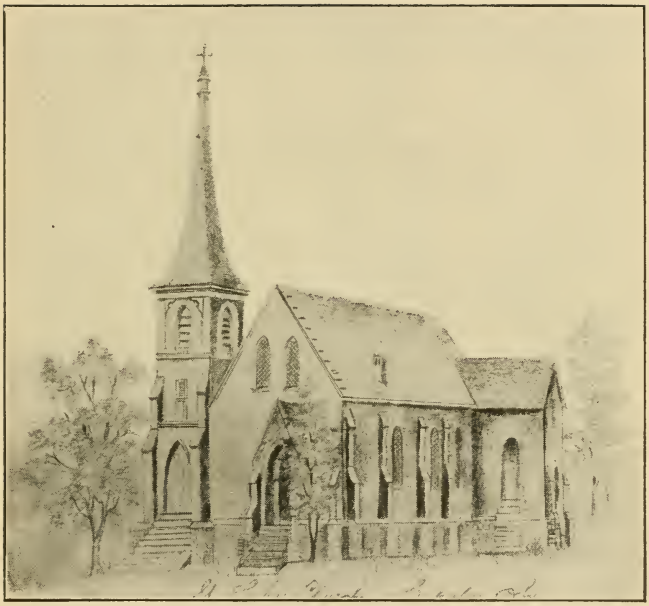
Immediately on the banks of the Alabama River,

also fronting on Capitol Avenue, was Babcock's brick warehouse, in which three thousand Yankee prisoners were confined during the war between the States.

Back of the Somerville lot, fronting on Pine Street, opposite the Frank Milhous residence, was the pretty little Episcopal Church (St. Luke's) built in Gothic style, with exquisite stained glass windows. This church stood within a short distance of the banks of a broad, deep ravine that had cut through from the northern portion of the town, across several of the principal streets, and emptied itself in the Alabama River, at the foot of what was said to have been originally a part of First South Street. This ravine was spanned by a large frame bridge on Capitol Avenue and one also on Walnut Street. On Vine Street it was crossed by a dirt bridge, built over a brick culvert.

Just above the banks of the ravine, across from the business part of the town, on the west side of Vine Street, was the Burwell Gibson place, which in the sixties became the home of Judge Fambro. At the death of Mrs. Fambro she willed this place to the Presbyterian Church as a parsonage.

Across Vine Street, in front of the Fambro place, were several vacant lots on which stood a number of gigantic pines. Beyond these lots at the end of Third South Street, on the banks of the Alabama River, was the cottage home of Judge James Evans, surrounded by broad galleries and the same growth of aged pine trees. The waters of the artesian well on this place were strongly impregnated with sulphur. Opposite the Evans place was the cottage of Mrs. Sallie Bush, with a yard full of beautiful flowers at all seasons of the year.



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, CAHABA, ALA.

PERINE RESIDENCE.

On the southwest corner of Vine and South Streets was the handsome two-story Abernathy house, completed just after the war began. Farther down, on the corner of Vine and Fifth South Streets, was the residence of Judge Rainer.

At the foot of Vine Street and extending several blocks on South Street were the grounds surrounding the palatial residence of E. M. Perine, "a merchant prince of ante-bellum days," a Northern gentleman of the old school who was universally beloved by all who knew him. A massive iron gate opened into the grounds, laid off in broad, circular walks, bordered with closely clipped hedges of boxwood, surrounding mounds of rare flowers and ever-playing fountains, whose waters rose and fell, glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, with a perpetual flow of indescribable brilliancy.

The front walls of the spacious brick mansion were covered by masses of old English ivy, its delicate tendrils and green leaves, twining in and around the iron balcony, up the turret that formed the vestibule in front, clinging to the eaves and climbing out into the chimneys, like some pictured castle of old baronial days.

The house contained twenty-six rooms, finished in the most artistic manner. There were long, broad halls, with winding stairway, reception rooms, parlors, and ballroom, with embossed ceilings and chandeliers of silver and crystal, shimmering and flashing brilliantly over the beautiful marble mantles imported from Italy. The capacious dining room with its magnificent mahogany, handsome silver, and beautiful cut glass, in which it was no unusual occurrence to find

seventy-five or a hundred guests seated around the massive mahogany tables with their heavy damask so thick that no silence cloths were needed. Back of the residence were the conservatory, vineries, and artesian well nine hundred feet deep, with a marvelous stream of water gushing and falling into a large cemented basin, from which it was conducted off through the beautiful grounds in cemented branches to the pastures beyond.

On the banks of the Alabama River east of the Perine place on Fifth South Street was the distillery, owned and carried on during the war by Shepard Diggs and Aicardie.

Back of the distillery, farther down on the banks of the Alabama River, was the Portis place, with its beautiful glens and glades, in the midst of a magnificent forest growth.

Going west parallel with Vine Street was Walnut Street. On the corner of Walnut and Second South Streets, just above the ravine, was the residence of Mrs. John English. Opposite, on the southeast corner of Walnut and Second South Streets, was the old Vogelin place, another one of the early landmarks of Cahaba. On the northwest corner of Walnut and Fifth South Streets was the Bird place, the old residence of Judge Bird, afterwards owned by Col. John White, and which later became the home of Dr. E. M. Vasser.

On the southeast corner of Walnut and Fourth South Streets was the residence of Judge George Evans. In the same neighborhood, on Fifth South Street, was the residence of Dr. Troy. In the early days of Cahaba this place was the home of Dr. J. F.

Heustis, Sr., who removed to Mobile. It was also the residence of Dr. John English during his life.

Each of these places occupied a separate block of ground, with well-kept yards, ornamented with beautiful flowers, stately magnolias, and where roses of all varieties bloomed profusely. Farther south on Walnut Street was the little suburban villa of Herbert S. Hudson, with its terraced grounds in imitation of his old home in England.

Beyond the Hudson place was the cottage home of Shepard Diggs, built in 1860, and the Foulks place, a two-story brick residence which was never completed.

Parallel with Walnut Street, running north and south through the town, was Mulberry Street, which was but little improved, and in the sixties contained but few buildings. The most important of these was the Methodist church, built of brick and surmounted by an imposing cupola. Near the church, around the square on First North Street, was the residence of Dr. C. K. Farley, and just north of the church was a frame building of two rooms, known as the "Boys' Academy."

On the west side of Mulberry Street were the grounds belonging to the residence of Judge Campbell, located on First South Street, in the center of the block between Mulberry and Oak Streets. This place was afterwards bought and remodeled by Mr. William Boynton, a nephew of Dr. Saltmarsh and a prominent young lawyer of Cahaba, who married Miss Fannie Isabel, of Talladega. At one time General Pettus lived here; later on it became the home of Mrs. Eliza Babcock.

South of the Methodist church, on the west side of Mulberry Street in a small grove of pines, was the negro church, built by the people of Cahaba for the negroes. It was a large one-story frame building, painted white with green blinds and surmounted by a belfry.

In all the churches seats were provided in the galleries for the negroes, but their regular worship was held at two o'clock on Sunday afternoons at their own church, when they were seen gathering in crowds, neatly dressed, but always in bright colors. Their voices were remarkably rich and melodious, and it was a treat to hear them sing, especially "The Old Ship of Zion" and that grand old hymn, "The Year of Jubilee Is Come." As they sang they would keep time to the music in swinging their bodies, bowing their heads, and clapping their hands, which they called "patting Jubil."

Extending from the Cahaba River north and south through the center of the town was Oak Street, one of the prettiest and best-improved streets of the place. Here was the beautiful home of Mrs. Simeon Watts, occupying a block, on the corner of Oak and Fifth North Streets. The home of Mr. John A. Lodor was at the southwest corner of Oak and Fourth South Streets, the residence of P. G. Wood being diagonally across from it. The Episcopal parsonage, occupied by Dr. Cushman, was on the same block at the southwest corner of Oak and Third South Streets. The residence of Col. Rees D. Gayle on Oak, between First and Second North Streets, shaded by huge water oaks, china trees, mulberries, and large bushes of cape jessamine, a house whose hospitable doors were ever open and

a home of delightful entertainment, ever celebrated for its refinement and culture, its cordial Southern welcome, and large-hearted, elegant hospitality.

The artesian well on the Rees Gayle place was second in size only to the one on the Perine place, which was said to be next to the largest well known in the world, at Paris, France.

Occupying the block on Oak Street, between First South Street and Capitol Avenue, was Academy Square, with its Indian mounds. The two-story brick building was ornamented by a large observatory and belfry. Across the street, in front of the Academy on the corner of First South Street, was the residence of John Guiwn, another old landmark of early days. Adjoining the Guiwn place, at the corner of Capitol Avenue and Walnut Street, was the Presbyterian church.

On the southeast corner of Capitol Avenue and Walnut Street was the old Union church, claimed to be the first church built in Cahaba after the capital was removed. When the other denominations built their own churches, the Baptists continued to worship in the building, and it became known as the Baptist Church.

The most prominent ministers connected with Cahaba history, and those most closely identified with the place and people were: Rev. Dr. Smyth, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. Cotton, of the Methodist Church; and Rev. Dr. Cushman, of the Episcopal Church. A minister by the name of Bailey was the Baptist minister stationed in Cahaba for a short while, but he did not remain long, and it can't be recalled that he had a successor.

After Dr. Smyth resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, a Mr. Kegwin was in charge for a short while in 1861 or 1862. The pulpit then became vacant until occupied by the Rev. Dr. Sparrow, in 1863, 1864, and 1865, an aged minister, a man of God, so zealous in his work that when too feeble to stand he delivered his sermons in a chair seated in front of the pulpit.

On the southwest corner of Capitol Avenue and Oak Street was the residence of Judge William Hunter, afterwards known as the home of Miss Mary Troy, a roomy house with broad galleries and beautiful shrubbery, occupying the entire square. It was at this house that Fanny Troy, a young girl from North Carolina who was visiting relatives in Cahaba, fell suddenly into one of those somnolent conditions that defied the skill of the most prominent physicians. The case was a peculiar one, and gave rise to considerable interest at the time. Apparently in the best of health, and one of those happy, genial dispositions who seem to enjoy everything in life, she returned one evening in May from a jaunt in the woods with a party of girls hunting dewberries and fell fast asleep while sitting on the front gallery conversing with her aunt. When awakened she complained of being "too sleepy to hold her eyes open," and retired to her room without awaiting supper. The next morning when called for breakfast she answered only to fall asleep again, and continued to sleep all that day and until the next evening, when her aunt became alarmed and called in a physician. For three weeks she continued in this condition, rousing only for a few moments at a time, scarcely long enough to take necessary nour-

ishment, which had to be administered to her from a spoon, yet when roused she was perfectly conscious and seemed to know every one. She became so thin and emaciated as to be scarcely recognizable, and no hope was entertained of her recovery. Finally her father and mother came from North Carolina and carried her back home. She continued to sleep all during the journey, and for three weeks, I am told, after her arrival at home she still slept, when, to the surprise of every one, she waked up, recovered her normal condition, and became a stout, robust woman. No explanation could ever be arrived at as to the cause of her condition. It was suggested that she might have eaten some poisonous berry or was stung or bitten by a poisonous insect while in the woods, but I am certain this could not have been, for we were together the entire evening gathering berries in the same basket, and nothing of the kind could have occurred to her without my knowledge.

On the southeast corner of Oak and First North Streets was the John Williams home, built in early years by Judge Fambro, and once owned by the late Col. Daniel Troy, of Montgomery, when, as a young man, he settled in Cahaba and married Miss Lucy Mathews, a daughter of Mr. Joel E. Mathews. After her death, Colonel Troy sold the place to Mr. John Williams, a prominent lawyer of Cahaba. It was a lovely home with its overflowing well and wealth of ever-blooming roses. This place was occupied by Mr. Shepard Diggs and family during the war, and when the surrender came and Wilson's Raiders were expected in Cahaba, it was here that gallons upon gallons of fine brandy, wines, cordials, and cherry bounce

were consigned to the waters of the artesian well to prevent its falling into the hands of the Yankee soldiers.

Occupying a square on Oak Street, between First and Second North Streets, was the large two-story frame residence of Mr. James D. Craig, one of Cahaba's wealthiest and most influential citizens. Friends and relatives met cordial welcome at this home, and would here gather around the hospitable board and unite in morning and evening worship at the family altar, a good old-time custom most rigidly observed in this household.

In the same neighborhood, just across the street, were the Lake place, the Duke place, and Chancellor Clarke's old home, then known as the Warren Andrews place. All of these houses fronted on Second North Street.

Farther north on Oak Street was the residence of H. I. F. Coleman, with a long, broad avenue of cedars leading to the front gallery, overhung with climbing roses and surrounded by other rare and beautiful flowers.

Still farther north on Oak Street were other attractive homes, and the commons, shaded on one side by mighty oaks, whose interlocking boughs formed a rich canopy of green in springtime, when the earth beneath was carpeted in Bermuda grass, dotted with blue forget-me-nots and yellow dandelions.

In this same direction, on the outskirts of the town, was the Barker place, an impressive brick residence, two stories in height, with big "Corinthian columns" in front. It was built by a prominent resident of Cahaba, familiarly known as "Shoestring Barker." It

is said to have cost him between $25,000 and $30,000, and it has been claimed that he never lived a day in the house, but this is an erroneous assertion. Mr. Barker and his family occupied the residence for a year or fourteen months, perhaps longer, and then removed to their plantation. This still beautiful place is now owned and occupied by Mr. Clifton Kirkpatrick, a prominent merchant and farmer, whose father bought it for a few hundred dollars. It is the only place in Cahaba that retains any of its old-time beauty.

The Cahaba River on the road to Selma in the fifties was spanned by a covered bridge and had a tollgate, which in early years was kept by Mr. Allen, the father of Mr. Walter Allen, of Selma, whose residence was near the bridge, and who owned all the land lying in the bend of the Cahaba River, near that part of the town. Mr. Allen was one of the finest stone-cutters in Alabama, "an artist in the art," and was celebrated for his exquisite work. His marble yard was near his residence, across the road in front of his house.

Fronting the commons, a little to the northeast, was the Tom Walker place, a white cottage with climbing roses and beautiful shrubbery on Fifth North Street.

In the same neighborhood was the Warford place, a lovely spot in the midst of wide-spreading shade trees, overlooking the Cahaba River, opposite the locality on which that part of the town was built in early days known as "Over the Point," to which I have previously referred.

There were many other good citizens living in this part of the town, but only the families of Jere Lister and John and William Bassett can now be recalled.

On the eastern part of Second North Street, just

out of the business portion of the town, on the north side of the street, was the old Ocheltree house, another one of the early landmarks, with two immense trees of pink crape myrtle shading the long front gallery. Going farther west, on the opposite side of the street were the homes of Dr. Smith, Menzo Watson, and Tom Fellows, who lived across the street a block or two distant. Father west, on Second North Street, were also the homes of Reuben Tipton, Tom Watson, William Damon, and in the same neighborhood John and William Lovett, all good citizens who, in their chosen avocations, contributed to the prosperity of the town.

Fronting on Pine Street and occupying the block between Pine and Chestnut was the home of Col. C. C. Pegues, with its spacious grounds and maze or labyrinth of cedars, where one emerged from the soft twilight of forest shades into a yard ornamented with magnolia trees, Lombardy pines, fragrant flowers, and overflowing fountains. This had been the jail in capitolean days, but the brick building had been remodeled into one of the loveliest places in town, and was now a home which at all times was the center of social life and attraction.

From the mystical shadows of long ago comes the memory of one of those strange, mysterious, uncanny phenomena connected with this place that sometimes happen to astonish the most materialistic, and which at the time of its occurrence caused much interest and speculation even among the most intelligent and best-informed citizens of Cahaba.

In the spring of 1862, on one of those brilliant moonlight nights, a night "in which nature seems in silent

contemplation to adore its Maker," a young lady and gentleman, promenading near the maze of cedars, turned to enter one of the circular walks leading to the center of the labyrinth, when they were startled to see a large white, luminous ball moving a few feet above the ground in front of them, apparently floating in air. This ball would dart first on one side of the walk and then on the other, approach close enough to almost touch them, recede and disappear in the shrubbery, to suddenly be seen again floating beside them. Thinking the apparition was a trick of fancy or was caused by some peculiar phase of the moon's shadows, they turned to retrace their steps, when again it appeared in front of them, going through the same gyrations. The gentleman now determined to test the materiality of the object; but just as he attempted to grasp it, it darted beyond his reach and disappeared, to be seen no more that night. On several occasions this apparition appeared to other parties, and became known as the "Pegues Ghost." No one could ever definitely explain what it was, but general opinion finally concluded it to be one of those strange phosphorescent phenomena so often read of but rarely seen, known as "will-o'-the-wisp" or "Jack-o'-lantern."

Opposite the Pegues place on the block extending from First North Street to Capitol Avenue was the Hoot place. A quaint, old-fashioned well, "with its moss-covered bucket," stood in the front yard of the long, narrow, one-story brick house surrounded with blue and white flag lilies, jonquils, wallflowers, lilacs, and other old-fashioned flowers.

Farther west, on Capitol Avenue and Ash Street, was the Aicardie place, afterwards the residence of

Col. R. D. Hunter, another home that was one of the social centers of the town and noted for its charming hospitality. In front of the Hunter place were the vacant lots belonging to the Robert Lake property, a handsome new house fronting on First North Street, which was built just before the war. On the northwest corner of Capitol Avenue and Ash Street, diagonally across from the Hunter place, was the residence of Mr. Thomas L. Craig.

Immediately in front of the Craig place, on the southwest corner of Capitol Avenue and Ash Street, was a spacious cottage built by J. S. Hays, a young lawyer, who settled in Cahaba and married Miss Lizzie Diggs, a granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Arther, one of Cahaba's oldest and best-known residents. At one time this house was occupied by Mr. James B. Martin, a prominent lawyer from Jacksonville, Ala., who came to Cahaba in 1856 or 1857, and who was afterwards Lieutenant-General Martin of Confederate fame. It later became the home of Gen. John T. Morgan. Each of the places occupied a square in one of the most attractive resident portions of the town, and were all well-improved homes, surrounded with beautiful flower yards, fine orchards, and every convenience to add to the comfort of life.

On the Morgan place was another of those numerous overflowing wells for which Cahaba was famed. Two magnificent magnolia trees stood on each side of the steps, and with branches extending far over into the front gallery added greatly to the charm of the place.

Going farther west, at the corner of Capitol Avenue and Beech Street, was the large two-story frame residence of Abner Brazile, Clerk of the Circuit Court,

Back of the Brazile place, lying on Clear Creek, at the foot of First North Street, were the grounds surrounding the county poorhouse kept by Frank Mosely. Near by, on the banks of Clear Creek, was the spot where for many years might have been seen the remains of an old gallows, on which was executed the first person condemned to capital punishment in Dallas County. The crime was a particularly horrible one, and so uncommon in the South at that time that it caused the greatest excitement and most intense feeling. The victim was a Mrs. Chaptman, the daughter of a wealthy and prominent citizen of Dallas County in early times. On her marriage to Chaptman, who, it is said, was a Northern man, he gave his daughter a number of old family servants. Chaptman proved a hard master, so the negroes hated him and wanted to return to their old home. By some strange machination of reasoning, these ignorant creatures conceived the idea that if Mrs. Chaptman could be quietly gotten out of the way Chaptman would have no further claim to them, and they could return to their old master. One day in the early spring one of the oldest and most trusted of the negroes came to the house where Mrs. Chaptman was alone, sitting quietly in her room sewing, utterly unmindful of danger, and sent the cook to tell her he had found "a turkey nest" in a pile of brush in the clearing, just below the house "where they were at work," "and wanted to show it to her." She arose, put on her bonnet, and went with the negro, followed by the cook, another trusted servant. Just as she leaned over to remove the eggs from the nest the man struck her on the head with an ax and killed her in-

stantly. A little negro girl witnessed the outrage and ran screaming to the house and told Chaptman, who at that moment had just returned home from another part of the plantation. Besides this man and woman, there were several other negroes implicated in the plot, and tradition says that three or four were hanged in Cahaba for the crime.

All the evidence at the trial showed that Chaptman's harshness and a desire to return home was the only incentive that actuated the negroes in the brutal murder of their mistress. Compared to the modern unmentionable crime of the race, this might be considered an extenuating circumstance.

On the southeast corner of Beech and First South Streets was a cottage, around which centered quite a romantic story, illustrative of a man's unselfish devotion to a woman. The place belonged to Smith Lucy, a young gentleman of some wealth and social prominence, who died a few weeks before the time appointed for his marriage and left all his property to his intended wife. After a short period of mourning, the young lady married, came to Cahaba, and lived in the home of her former lover, apparently as happy as though she had married him. Back of the Smith Lucy place, fronting on Beech Street, was the Ebenezer Bower place, the property of a young man of fine intellect, but too modest and bashful to allow himself to be appreciated. Farther out were the large brickyards of John and William Lovett, the home of Isaac Saddler, and the tannery in charge of M. Benish. Farther on First South Street, between Pine and Chestnut Streets, was the cottage home of B. H. Craig, with its magnolia trees, mounds of beautiful flowers,

and circular walks in front of the house. Beginning at Vine Street, in front of the Perine residence and extending out to Sixth South Street, was the plank road built from Cahaba to Woodville, now Uniontown. This road, with its tollgate, was the fashionable drive in the fifties and sixties. In the summer afternoons it was crowded with elegant carriages, containing exquisitely dressed women and beautiful children, with their black nurses; stately aristocratic Southern gentlemen out for a canter, followed by their mounted body servants; large parties of gay young people; the ladies in their picturesque riding habit, with long, flowing skirt and curling plume falling gracefully from the tall silk hat; the handsome, spirited horses, whose feet seemed to disdain the ground as they daintily capered along, altogether made a picture so brilliant that Time's darkest shadows can never efface it from the tablet of memory.

Happy and prosperous were the Cahabaians in those old days, with their slaves, their gardens, their orchards, their fertile fields of waving corn and cotton, brilliant with bloom in summer and in autumn heavy with boll and long, snowy staple that covered the valleys and gentle slopes around the town; while forest trees of primeval growth crowned the summit of the hills, lending an additional beauty to the landscape.

West of the busy streets and homes of the living out on Sixth South Street was the old graveyard, the burial place of Alabama's first capital, and where some of her most distinguished citizens were laid to rest. This "silent city of the dead" was protected by a solid wall of brick masonry five or six feet high with a heavy iron gate. Each separate lot was also

surrounded by a high wall of brick. Within these dilapidated inclosures thirty-five or forty years ago were a number of handsome monuments covered with the moss of ages and fast crumbling to decay. Only two inscriptions on these fallen and broken stones had escaped "the touch of Time's defacing finger." One of these was sacred to the memory of Hon. Thomas B. Rutherford, the father of Mrs. Thomas L. Craig, of Cahaba, and Mrs. William Norris, of Selma, and a member of the Lower House of Representatives from Dallas County in 1822. The other showed the remains of having been a beautiful monument, ornamented with the figure of an angel holding a wreath of flowers in each hand. It bore the name of Margaret Earl, but was so broken that nothing could be learned from the inscription except that it was erected in memory of a beautiful young girl, "who passed away in the dawn of a young and brilliant womanhood." But these memorials have all perished, and the names of those who sleep beneath them are "but as a tale that is told." All that we now know of them is, they lived, they loved, and they have passed away.

In the old days when a person died the black-bordered funeral notice was carried around to each house by a negro boy ringing a bell and wearing long black streamers attached to each shoulder, called "weepers." These weepers became obsolete many years ago, and I do not remember to have ever seen them used but once, and that I think was on the occasion of the funeral of a very old gentleman who hung himself in Cahaba from senile insanity.

On a little rise at the south end of Oak Street was

the new cemetery, a beautiful spot shaded by large trees of pine, oak, and magnolia, and also containing a number of handsome monuments. Here, in later years, were buried many prominent citizens in full regalia of the Masonic Order, with the solemn and impressive ceremony of the Masonic funeral service.

Here, too, was witnessed the burial of Bettie Watts, the only daughter of Mrs. Simeon Watts, a lovely young girl in the first flush of early maidenhood. No hearse or other trappings of woe was seen at her funeral, but she was carried to the grave on a bier surrounded by a procession of her young friends and companions—all bearing wreaths and garlands of flowers. Masses of roses, spirea, cape jasmine, and long trailing branches of fleecy bridal wreath covered the casket, and falling in rich profusion formed a pall over the entire bier, which presented the appearance of a mound of beautiful white flowers as it was borne along in the midst of the young boys and girls to the cemetery. It was a sad but beautiful picture, and one that seemed to rob death of half its terror.

Two miles south of Cahaba, immediately on the banks of the Alabama River, was the home of Mr. Joel E. Mathews, one of the most beautifully improved places in the South. The house was of brick built in the old English style with open court in front and a broad gallery entirely across the southern portion. It was in a grove of large forest trees, extending to the banks of the river. On the east and west in front of the house were extensive grounds, with broad walks and circular carriage drives, bordered on each side with smoothly trimmed hedges of Yopon

and Pyracanthia, surrounding large beds and mounds, rioting in myraids of beautiful flowers. Roses, japonicas, cape jasmine, spirea, snowballs, hyacinths, tulips, sweet shrubs, jonquils, and violets gave forth their rich perfume, and the mocking birds sang perpetually from the bowers of honeysuckle and wisteria, heavy and purple with blossom in springtime. Leading from the circular drives to the gate was a long, broad avenue, with branches of rippling water on each side, shaded by trees of magnolia and water oaks. Beyond to the right and left were rich meadows of bermuda grass, and orchards containing varieties of delicious fruits. Pears, peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines, and figs of many varieties grew luxuriantly and bore abundantly. On the north side of the house was the garden through which was the entrance to the family burial ground, with its handsome monuments, beautiful shrubbery, and even rarer flowers than the yard contained. A short distance from the house on the south side was the luxurious bath house, with an immense cemented pool through which flowed a constant and continuous stream of gushing water from the artesian well. South of the residence was the plantation with its broad acres, its church, its ballroom, and comfortable log houses, occupied by hundreds of slaves, devoted to their master and his family. This was an ideal Southern home, the embodiment of cordial and princely hospitality, with its well-trained servants, magnificent library, and every surrounding for comfort, ease, and luxury, and a home that was noted far and wide for the kindness and cultivation, the refinement and liberality of its owners. Here guests would come and go at pleasure,

and on all occasions were made to feel thoroughly welcome. The old-fashioned, roomy carriage, drawn by large gray horses, with its tall, high seat, occupied by Jeff, the polite negro driver, was always ready to convey parties of visitors to and from Cahaba, or bring them from Selma, while at the landing some one was waiting to welcome those who came by boat. No one who did not live in the old days can conceive the pleasure, the exquisite delight of a visit to one of these old palatial country homes of ante-bellum times, and none can have a full appreciation of hospitality or understand its full meaning who did not enjoy it at the hands of the old Southern planter.

A mile northwest of the Mathews place, on the Cahaba road just above the Mathews Creek, was the home of Col. N. H. R. Dawson in his early married life to Miss Ann Mathews, the oldest daughter of Mr. Joel E. Mathews. This place was built by Col. Josiah Walker, a prominent citizen of Dallas County, and was his home for many years. The location was picturesque and beautiful, with a grove of stately trees of natural growth, festooned with gray Spanish moss. The house was a comfortable log building with open hall in the center. In those days the æsthetic was not considered so necessary a part of life as at the present time, and the wealthiest and most cultivated girls would marry and leave luxurious homes to begin life in a plain but comfortable log house.

In a southwesterly direction from Cahaba, beyond the old cemetery, was the road to White Bluff and Orrville. Orrville was at this time only a small settlement of three or four wealthy, influential families, composed of the Smiths, the Craigs, the Orrs, and

one or two others whose names I can't recall—near Foulton, which was a place of some importance in the early forties, with a number of inhabitants and a large, flourishing school, but in a decade ceased to exist and became an abandoned village.

. . . . . .

Four or five miles from Orrville, in a southwesterly direction, was another settlement of refined, wealthy people, living in beautiful homes, surrounded by large plantations. This was known as the Providence Church community—a Baptist community composed of the Cochrans, the Vaughns, the Cobbs, the Youngs, the Hardaways, the Ellises, the Hatchers, the Kennedys, and many other substantial citizens too numerous to mention, but all of whom mingled freely in the business and social life of Cahaba, and whose young ladies were among the most admired of that period. Particularly do I recall Miss Puss Mosely, Miss Ellen Cochran, and Miss Alice Smith, a stepdaughter of Mr. Atlas J. Martin, among the county belles of the late sixties.

At the large protracted meetings, held once or twice a year at these numerous country churches, were to be found represented much of the wealth, beauty, and refinement of the county, and strangers were always impressed with the general prosperity that everywhere seemed to prevail. The scene was a bright and happy one: the young men, driving handsome equipages or riding spirited, well-caparisoned horses; the young ladies mounted on steeds trained especially for their own use or, dressed in the height of the style, reclined in the large family carriage attended by a colored maid; the kind, old-fashioned, motherly ladies, with

their large turkey-tail fans and cordial, old-time greeting. And the dinners! The most appetizing meats, the most delicious pastries and cakes, brought in large hamper baskets, spread on improvised tables, and served between the morning and evening sermons under the shade of the trees, are memories on which we all love to dwell, and which brighten the lives of many who have now passed their three score years and ten.

The Providence Church community responded nobly to the call for volunteers in the Confederate service. In the roll call of the Cahaba Rifles alone are to be found the names of two of the Ellis family, three or four of the Hatcher family, two from the Swann family, and three from the Mosely family, not to mention others who volunteered in other commands. After Capt. C. C. Pegues was appointed colonel of the Fifth Alabama Regiment, Dr. E. B. Mosely was elected captain of the Cahaba Rifles, and commanded that company until the war ended.

Still farther west from Orrville was the Pegues, the Irby, and the Ellerbee neighborhood, near the edge of the county; while seven miles back from Portland, on the Alabama River, was the Boykin settlement, composed of the Boykin, the James, the Oliver, and the Reeves families—all of whom were wealthy, cultured, and refined people, who attended all the social functions in Cahaba and entertained royally at their country homes. Especially during "court week" was Dallas County represented by her most influential citizens, and nowhere could there have been found a higher class of representative men than those who

assembled in Cahaba at that time from these surrounding country precincts.

Two and a half miles from Cahaba, on the Orrville road, on a high elevation overlooking the town, was the old Beene place, at one time the home of Mrs. William Beene, one of the most beautiful and gifted women of her day. Mr. Beene was a first cousin of William L. Yancey and a nephew of Judge William E. Bird, of Cahaba. Back of the Beene place was Mt. Nebo, the country residence of Judge Campbell, a picturesque and romantic spot in a large pine grove. Farther out, on the Orrville road, was the long, high Saltmarsh hill, on the top of which was located another spacious country house, surrounded by wealth and luxury, with its numerous slaves and an extensive, well-improved plantation, the home of Dr. Saltmarsh, a wealthy, public-spirited gentleman of Northern birth who married a Miss Beck, sister of the late Col. Thomas R. Beck, of Camden, Ala., and a niece of Hon. William R. King. Beyond the Saltmarsh place was the large two-story Mitchell house, standing in a magnificent grove of forest trees. Beyond the Mitchell place was the home of Mrs. Peter Mathews, now known as the Chambliss place. This was an ideal spot, overlooking the high bluffs of the Alabama River, and also surrounded by a handsome grove of old trees. The beautiful residence was fitted up with all the luxury that heart could wish or mind desire—handsome furniture, rare books, beautiful paintings, and a stable filled with fine horses and elegant carriages. Here was the lifetime home of the stately and accomplished Mattie Mathews, one of the lovely girls of Dallas County in the early sixties, and who

afterwards became the wife of Major N. Chambliss, from Tennessee. Still farther out, on the White Bluff road, were the homes of Judge Le Noir, Judge Griffin, and Gilbert Johnson, all beautifully improved places. Down in the south bend of the Alabama River were the large plantations of the Molett family, with their hundreds of slaves, many of whom were native-born Africans and could speak only the African lingo.

Skirting the Cahaba River in a westerly direction, for a short distance is the Marion and Cahaba road. A mile and a half out on this road, just beyond Clear Creek, was the old Haralson place, where Judge John Haralson, now of the Supreme Court of Alabama, was born. After crossing Clear Creek, there is a gradual rise in the surface of the country for two miles or more until we reach the old Frank Saunders residence, which is located on one of the high plateaus of the Cahaba River, with the plantation lying in front of the house and extending back into the valleys on the river. Following this road, we come to the old Basin Spring, with its romantic glades, redolent in springtime with the refreshing perfume of the bay flower, yellow jasmine, and wild honeysuckle. Here were given many of the barbecues and picnics of ante-bellum days, when the wealth and beauty of Cahaba and the surrounding country were in full attendance. Beyond Basin Spring was another one of Dr. Saltmarsh's large plantations, with its long lane of three miles bordered on each side by a tall rail fence and shaded occasionally by peach trees, which in springtime presented a pretty picture—the brilliant pink blossoms, the green, waving corn, and the happy, contented faces of the negroes working and singing in the fields. At

the end of Saltmarsh lane was the Muckel place, afterwards the plantation home of A. H. Jackson, a young lawyer of Cahaba, who married Miss Jennie Gill, a daughter of Dr. T. W. Gill. The house stood in the midst of a grove of large, majestic beech trees. On the east side was, and is now, one of the loveliest landscapes ever presented to the eye of man, a sublime picture that would inspire the artist at the rising or at the setting of the sun: the Cahaba hills, with the river winding like a belt of silver in and around its green, fertile valleys, while far in the hazy distance are the forests on or beyond the Alabama River. Above the Muckel place, and lying immediately on the Cahaba and Marion road, was the farm of Thomas Carr. Adjoining the Carr place were the plantation and residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, which formerly belonged to her brother William Gill, a lawyer and one of the earliest settlers of Cahaba. Beyond the Taylor place was the plantation of Mr. William Curtis, the father of Mrs. Eliza Babcock and Mrs. Dr. Ulmer, of Cahaba, and one of the oldest residents of the town.

A mile from the Curtis place was Walnut Grove, the residence of Dr. T. W. Gill, the honored grandfather of the writer, surrounded by a plantation of two thousand acres. Here, too, was a large, handsome house built in the old colonial style, a home with everything to make life happy, contented, and comfortable. Smokehouses, storehouses, and corncribs filled to overflowing, well-trained servants to obey one's slightest wish. Sideboards groaning beneath the weight of handsome silver and beautiful china, horses to ride and drive at pleasure, large pastures with blooded

stock grazing on luxuriant clover and blue grass, equal to any in Tennessee or Kentucky. Another typical Southern home, where wealth and plenty abounded, and which presented a fine illustration of Southern life during the last years of the South's prosperity.

Into these country homes visitors would come in crowds, and they were expected to remain as long as they felt inclined. Everything was done to contribute to their pleasure and amusement, and each person was made to feel that he or she conferred an honor in accepting the extended hospitality. Gentlemen would arrive on horseback and the ladies in carriages, not open or covered buggies or one-horse vehicles, but closed family carriages, such as were used by the English nobility at their country seats, drawn by well-trained carriage horses or large, fine mules kept expressly for that purpose, covered with harness mounted in silver plate, a negro driver in the coachman's box, the ladies' waiting maid beside him, and a negro boy occupying the little seat behind as footman. Servants waited to open the large entrance gate and take charge of the horses; and, after a cordial welcome, the guests were made to feel unconstrained and allowed to seek their own way of entertaining themselves.

The gentlemen were shown the growing crops on the plantation by their host, or taken out to hunt, armed with the finest guns, or with the hounds on a fox chase.

The rest of the time was devoted to the ladies, who, with their small, jeweled hands, soft and white, and tastefully dressed in the fashion of the day—wide, flowing robes, large hoops, thread lace scarfs, handsome jewelry of cameo or coral—and smooth, beau-

tifully braided hair (which it required a full hour for a maid to arrange), spent the morning hours of summer in reading, conversation, or fine needlework. After the midday nap, the afternoons were passed in visiting, riding, or driving; and the evening was given up to music and dancing until exhausted with the mere pleasure of living, one sought rest and slumber in the sensuous delight of linen sheets, lavender scented, or in winter found unspeakable comfort in the soft, downy feather beds of the high, old-fashioned, canopy top bedsteads, to sink to sleep in the golden glow of the hickory logs, and awaken in the morning with a maid standing at the bedside with a cup of fragrant coffee. There was no hurry; no special labor was pressing. None were in haste to leave. The climate, the great abundance, the warm-hearted hospitality, made existence in any of these homes an unceasing delight. It was the "charmed land of the lotus-eaters," where life seemed one long, sweet dream of pleasure.

Back on the Cahaba River was the home of J. B. Gill, another comfortable country place, surrounded by fertile lands. West of Dr. T. W. Gill's place, near the Marion and Orrville road, were the handsomely improved place of Nathan Jackson and the home of Mr. Robert G. Craig, surrounded by their large plantations and numerous negroes. Adjoining these places was the plantation of Rees D. Gayle, another valuable estate, with its two hundred slaves and rich, fertile lands. In all the South there could not have been found a more beautiful and prosperous and self-sustaining country than was here—plantations in splendid condition, droves of fat horses and mules, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, goats, and droves of hogs; the

slaves happy and contented, with a magnificent prospect of fine crops; vast fields of waving corn, luxuriant oats, and wheat and rice heavy in sheath; cotton green and growing, all worked out ready to lay by until harvest time; corncribs full of last year's corn; thousands of pounds of fat bacon and hams, hickory-flavored, bags* of molasses hanging from the rafters, and sacks of flour fresh from the mill, filling the smokehouses and the rooms, and hundreds of yards of homemade cloth spun and woven for clothing for the field hands and house servants; but alas! in May the surrender came, and ruin followed. The negroes, elated with freedom, abandoned their homes, left their houses, their household goods and clothing—all but what they wore—and flocked to the Yankee camp to become pensioners of the government and spend their time in idleness, while the plantations grew up in weeds; plows lay idle where they had been abandoned in the fields, and stock were left to graze in the pastures. On my father's plantation alone, eight hundred hogs were turned out to go wild in the swamp because there was no one to feed and care for them.

The question now arose how to get the growing crops harvested. My father concluded he would go to Selma and offer his negroes one-half of the crop to return home and gather it. As he rode into the camp, the first person he spied was an old woman named Patty, one of his slaves inherited from his mother, and the one of all others who expressed the greatest devotion

*Barrels were scarce and hard to get during the war, and on my father's plantations bags made of heavy cotton cloth were used to hold the molasses.

to her "young master," as she called him. For years half bent with rheumatism, Patty had not known work, and went hobbling around on a stick; but lo! freedom had worked a marvelous change—now, with head erect, she was stepping around as agile and spry as a young girl that had never known an ache or pain. Her master called to her: "Come here, Patty; I want to speak to you." She turned, saw who it was, and flounced off, exclaiming: "Lord a massie, chile, I ain't got time to fool with you now." This was a novel experience to my father—the first time in his life a negro had ever refused to come at his bidding—and to be answered in this offhand manner, especially by one of his old slaves, was too much to be borne. He concluded to make no further overtures, and returned home, gave the crop to the Confederate soldiers, who reaped a rich harvest in the fall, thus enabling many of them to make a new start in life. But a sad and fearful change has swept over this beautiful country, and though

The harvest moon shines with the same old splendor.
  Our lands lie barren and bare;
And the cheerful song of the old-time slave
  No longer resounds on the air.

No longer the ring of the ax is heard
  Nor the corn-song over the hill;
The banjo is silent, the dance is done.
  Its music forever is still.

The sound of the horn is heard no more,
  Nor the neigh of the hunter's steed;
Nor the yelp of the fox, nor the bay of the hounds,
  Resounding over the mead,

The planter has gone, with his lordly grace;
His home is in alien hands;
His children are ruined, dead, or lost,
Or struggling in foreign lands.

His house is left deserted and lone—
All, all have gone away;
And its falling roof and crumbling walls
Are fast falling to decay.

The door stands open, gaping wide,
Creaking on one hinge:
And the ghosts of former wealth and pride
Are all who now come in.

Save here and there, some lone old home,
Heir to a sadder fate,
With rough, rude negroes, former slaves,
Inhabiting its rooms of state.

Not a mark is left of the former glory—
Of this land in its beauty and pride;
Not a soul is left to tell the story;
They have all passed away and died.

Nine or ten miles from Cahaba, a mile or more off from the Cahaba and Marion road, was Prosperity Church, known as "The Seceder Church," in charge of the Rev. John Young. In the surrounding country were the Johnsons, the Chestnuts, the Spears, and Capt. Robert Moore's plantation. Five miles distant was Harrel's Crossroads, another country settlement of the Harrels, the Forts, the Craigs, the Chisholms, Voltzes, and Capt. John Moore's family—all planters in affluent circumstances, with comfortable homes, where a belated traveler ever found a sweet night's rest, and where friends and relatives always received

a cordial and sincere welcome from those good, old-time people, whom it was always a pleasure to visit. These communities did the greater part of their buying and selling in Cahaba, and also contributed a number of volunteers to the Cahaba Rifles—brave, valiant young men, several of whom yielded their lives on the field of battle. The women, too, did a noble part in the cause of the Confederacy: with their own hands they spun and wove the finest of jeans and made it into clothes for the soldiers. It was a labor of love that they would not intrust to their servants, many of whom were skilled in the art of weaving; and the finest and most beautiful cloth made during the war was to be seen in this community.

Across the Alabama River from Cahaba were other planters—representative men—also with beautiful and luxurious homes, large plantations, and numberless slaves. There resided Col. Thomas M. Mathews, Col. Robert Hatcher, the Saffolds, the Milhouses, the Davises, the Pickenses, the Minters, the Calhouns, the Wades, the Winnamores, the Vassers, the Smiths, Judge Harris, and Josiah Walker, and Dr. Rees, with his deer park and beautiful grounds surrounding his residence. There, too, was the Cornegay place, the old home of William R. King, Ex-Vice President of the United States, surrounded by a heavy grove of chestnut trees, which he highly prized. In the family burial ground, near the house, was the marble vault, where his remains rested until a few years ago, when they were removed to Selma.

In the bend of the Alabama River, just above Cahaba, was another beautiful place, the home of Mrs. Sarah Blackwell, which was always the scene of social

THE FERRY ACROSS THE CAHABA RIVER AT THE POINT.

mirth and attraction. On the Cahaba road, leading to Selma, about two or two and a half miles from town, was the McCurdy plantation, the home of Mr. McCurdy and his daughter, now Mrs. Dr. Henry, of Montgomery; and in the same vicinity was the residence of Col. William Saunders, whose lovely daughters were also among the most admired girls of Dallas County. Five miles from Cahaba, on the Selma road, was the beautiful Kirk Harrison place, with its fine race track, which afterwards became the property of Judge John Hunter, where he kept a number of fine race horses. While many of the last-named persons were not actual citizens of Cahaba, these wealthy planters contributed greatly to the general prosperity and added much to the social life of the place.

Two large ferries on the Alabama and Cahaba Rivers furnished the means of transportation across these streams for the numerous visitors, travelers, and teams of wagons to and from the town.

There was a constant exchange of courtesies between the Cahabans and the old county families, and visits frequently extended themselves into days, weeks, and months. As before stated there was practically no end to the hospitality, and it would have been regarded a great breech of etiquette in extending an invitation to limit the stay of a guest or specify a time for the visit to end as is now customary.

In 1859, when the railroad was first built from Cahaba to Marion, Cahaba was in a flourishing condition; but the war came on, business was paralyzed, and the town ceased to build up and improve, although it still continued to be a place of importance. An

army post and one of the largest Federal prisons in the South were located there in 1863 or 1864, and a number of refugees also sought an asylum within the town, some investing in town property; but in 1865, just before the surrender, another flood came, the post was abandoned, and, when the war ended, Cahaba began to realize that the clouds of adversity were falling fast upon her. Spartanlike, she bore her misfortune bravely and cheerfully and tried to stem the tide that had turned against her, but the effort was vain; and in 1866 her death knell was sounded when, by a vote of the people of the county, the courthouse was removed to Selma, and she, for the first time within her existence, ceased to be the county seat of Dallas County. It was a cruel blow from which the grand old place never recovered.

Many of the prominent citizens followed the courthouse to Selma; many others moved to more distant localities. A few new families came in to fill their places, and for a time Cahaba hoped at least to regain her old-time importance as a commercial center, but the hope was illusive, and in the seventies, for the third time within the memory of man, the town became a deserted village. The scenes of 1826 were repeated. The doors of the business houses were all closed and locked, the stately homes were abandoned and deserted. Flowers again bloomed untended in the lovely yards and grass covered the principal streets. An air of loneliness and desolation impossible to describe encompassed the place. Where wealth and fashion a few short years before held unlimited sway, ruin and desolation now danced in high carni-

val, and one could but exclaim: "Time! Time! how inscrutable are thy changes!"

In reviewing the history of Cahaba, it seemed a most fatuous blindness on the part of those early commissioners appointed to locate the capital that they did not select one of the many majestic bluffs, with their broad plateaus, bordering the Alabama River farther south, for a site of the town; but

> "When self the waving balance shakes,
> It's rarely right adjusted."

And it has been whispered that some of these commissioners were land speculators, or in the hands of land speculators, and self-interest was the motive that prompted the unfortunate selection of the place. Be that as it may; but certain it is that, had the town been built on a more solid foundation, it might to-day be one of the principal cities, if not the capital, of the State.

But those beautiful scenes are no more. All those noble, grand old people have passed away, and their like will never be seen again, because the conditions and surroundings that produced them are no longer a part of the South. They are gone never to return, and Cahaba, like Rome, must ever remain a Niobe of the nation, a mother bereft of her children, to whom our hearts still cling with living enthusiasm in memory of her departed glory. Though long years have passed and the ruin is now perfect and complete, the site of the old town is still a lovely spot, where the pure, limpid waters gush unceasingly from the artesian wells; where the flowers planted long years ago still bloom in perennial spring in the old-time yards; where

the mocking bird still sings in springtime, and the Cherokee roses, full with blossoms, shed their snowy petals along the deserted streets; where the sweet breath of the china blossom is wafted by the night breeze; where the stars still shine in all their brilliant beauty, and the moon rises in its old-time splendor infolding the ruined town in its soft, mellow light and lovingly shadows the graves of the dead who, when living, were among the most refined, cultivated, and intellectual people that ever adorned the State of Alabama.

Memoirs of Old Cahaba.

MEMOIRS OF OLD CAHABA.

Part I.

By the side of the river, we sat down and wept,
And sighed for the days that are gone;
And told the story, o'er and o'er,
Of the glory of the dear old town.

Each scene was recalled of youth's golden hours,
Each friend we used to know
Was with us again, from the silent land,
The land of long ago.

And again we heard the song of the birds,
With the ripple of the waters' flow;
The memories of years, forever lost,
Swept over our hearts once more.

Those old-time homes, with open doors,
Those streets by large trees shaded,
The rich perfume of flowers rare,
From memory have never faded.

The sweet, clear notes of the academy bell
Come stealing through the air;
The joyous songs of children bright
Who are happily playing there;

And the ringing sound of the church bells old,
In their steeples all so high,
And those good old people who worshiped there—
Their memory can never die.

The merry sound of the violin,
The voices of girls and boys,

Come floating back from the dust of years
Full of youth's bright joys.

The rattle of wheels we hear on the street,
Fine coaches, of the *à la mode*,
Come dashing by, as in days of yore,
For a spin on the old plank road.

Large stores are open, their wealth displayed
In jewels, fine silks, and laces,
Imported from far-distant lands,
Or brought from nearer places.

Huge wagons crowd the streets so old,
With cotton bales piled high;
And negro drivers, worth their weight in gold,
Pass again before the eye.

Princely planters, from their country seats,
Ride fine hunting steeds to town,
On business and on pleasure bent,
Until the night rolls round.

We hear the distant whistle sound—
The St. Nicholas comes in sight;
With sweet music from her calliope,
We see her land at night.

Once more we see the lightwood torch
And hear the deck hands' song,
As they gayly grapple the cotton hooks
And pull the bales along,

That roll and tumble down the hill
From the warehouse, old and gray,
That holds ten thousand fleecy bales
To be sent so far away.

And a gay and brilliant party
From the Dallas Hall Hotel;

Wealthy planters, from the country,
With their daughters, each a belle,

Now crowd upon the steamer's deck,
Accompanied by their beaux—
Young men of wealth and fashion,
Whose life's all *couleur de rose.*

They gracefully wave their last farewell,
So blithe, so gay, so bonny;
The boat slowly moves, the waters swell,
And the calliope plays "Annie Laurie."

Now backward the curtain of Time is thrown—
Cahaba is pictured in space,
With the names of those enrolled on a scroll
Who had lived in the dear old place.

The noble forms pass slowly by,
Of many in history's pages,
Whose names through Time shall ever live,
Descending down the ages!

From across the river came William R. King,
A statesman, courtly and grand;
The eloquent Yancey and Jesse Beene
Follow closely in hand,

With William Hunter, of noble form,
And Ben Yancey, both jurists famed;
And George R. Evans, a brilliant judge,
Of fair and spotless name.

And Charles G. Edwards, a lawyer of note,
A man reserved and cold;
And Dr. John English, of princely form,
Of proud and generous soul.

The Heustis, the Roberts, the Clarks, the Herberts,
The Stoutenboroughs and Crocherans come back;
The Beenes, the Saffolds, the Rutherfords, too,
Follow in memory's track.

The Perines, the Curtis, the Wafords, the Blackwells,
The Babcocks, so kind and true;
While good Dr. Ulmer is passing by
And asking: "How do you do?"

The Watts, the Arthers, the Evans, the Craigs,
Appear in full array;
While our ministers, Smyth and Cushman,
"Meet Bailey and Cotton halfway."*

The Troys, the Birds, the Hills, the Bells,
The Campbells, Dawsons, and Lodors;
And Dr. Rob English, a cavalier—
They all appear before us.

The Watsons, the Somervilles, the Mitchells, the Farleys,
The Saunders, Fambros, and Lakes;
John Carter, Mike Keenan, and Sam Abernathy,
Emmett George, Green Wood, and Spaight;

The Saltmarsh, the Kings, Dr. Howard,
A gentleman courtly we find;
A. H. Jackson, Hays, Dawson,† and Lewis,
Of bright and promising mind.

With Bradley, William Boyd, and Boynton,
Young lawyers of brilliant parts,
Whose charming and manly graces
Found a way to win all hearts.

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*The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal ministers who, in a friendly way, argued their different creeds.

†Reginald Dawson, the brilliant young solicitor of Dallas County in 1858.

The Pegues, the Potris, the Whites, the Bushes,
Judge James Evans, wise and true,
With Norris, Mobley, and Garrett,
Charley Hays and Dick English in view.

The Hunters, the Vassers, the Colemans, the Shields,
The Milhouses, and Dunhams, so cheery,
With all the grace of the olden days,
Are dancing and laughing so merry.

The Walkers, the Tiptons, the Davis, the Smiths,
The Reeses, and Hatchers galore;
The Mitchells and Gills, from Cahaba hills,
Come and are with us once more.

Foulks and McKinnis and William Quarles,
Stephenson, Becker, and Cal Harris,
And Herbert Hudson and William Town,
Shoestring Barker, Rube Tipton, and Travis.

Ben Craig, so *good* and *pious*,
He would not attend a ball;
And Menzo Watson, with his racy jokes,
Made laugh and jest for all.

Mot. Chilton,* and Siddons, too, we see,
Shep Diggs, and gay Tom Brown,
Whose waggish wit and repartee
Were known throughout the town.

Sam Hill, and Becker, Perine, and Hunter,
Merchant princes of renown;
And the old-time druggist, Dr. Smith,
Was known the country round.

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*Dr. Horace Chilton, the brave young color bearer of the Cahaba Rifles, killed at Cold Harbor, Va., in 1863.

Judge Rhiner, Bob Roberts, and Ab Brazile,
High officials of the county;
And Joel Mathews, of learning and wealth,
Known for his generous bounty.

Judge John S. Hunter, stately and tall,
With proud, aristocratic ways;
And Captain Bob Hatcher, of county fame,
Both prominent in olden days.

Dr. T. W. Gill, a planter of wealth,
With his noble, strong, fine face;
And Dr. McCurty, and Dr. Saltmarsh,
All men of Christian grace.

Tom Mathews, with manner imposing and grand,
From his near-by estate;
Thomas Craig, a grocer and merchant,
Famed for his honest weight.

And Farley, Tom Hunter, and Troy,
Physicians held high in esteem;
Isaac Lenoir, with Duffin, the artist,
And our young dentist, J. S. Dean.

And Joiner, a Justice of the Peace—
His ridiculous, practical jokes
Repeated now, though years have passed,
Mirth and laughter still provokes.

Tom Fellows, a jeweler, with beard so black,
A man of Northern birth:
And L. Engleman, a merchant of Jewish descent,
Both of well-known honor and worth.

And those old professors of music,
Who played at our parties and balls—
Both German, with spectacled faces—
Funk and Engleman, the past recalls.

And old man Krout, and old man Bowe,
With their cakes and confections so rare;
And Quartermas, the marshal of the town,
With his busy, inquisitive air.

And James D. Craig, a man of wealth,
Known for his pious ways,
And rigid truth and honesty,
In those good old bygone days.

And our minister, Dr. Sparrow,
So feeble and so old;
But would never give up his Master's work,
And had no greed for gold.

There was good Mrs. English, and bright Mrs. Lodor,
And beautiful Lucy Bell,
Whose silvery laugh once more we hear,
Resounding through the dell.

Mrs. George Evans, with her stately grace,
Mrs. Will Beene, with Circe's charms;
Miss Eliza Evans and Mary Troy,
With their elegant, queenly forms.

Mrs. Pegues comes by so graceful and gay,
Ready for party or ball,
With her joyous mirth and sparkling way,
A smile and a jest for all.

And in the picture now we see
Mrs. Rees Gayle, ever kind—
A lovely, gracious lady,
Cultured, gentle, and refined.

Mrs. Robertson, and Mrs. Pettus too—
Handsome sisters of one race—
With charming, old-time manners,
Full of dignity and grace.

Mrs. George Gayle, of exquisite tact,
And bright, ingenious mind—
Ah! those old-time Southern women,
Their like we scarce can find.

Mrs. James D. Craig, with her cordial smile,
Mrs. Tom Craig, all so gentle,
Kind Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. White,
In memory's hall assemble.

Mrs. R. D. Hunter, too, we see,
With her sweet and pretty face;
And Mrs. Perine, with elegant mien,
At home in her grand old place.

Mrs. Peter Mathews, a choice friend,
Mrs. Blackwell, of gracious fame;
Mrs. Simeon Watts, stately and calm,
A perfect, grand old dame.

Mrs. White Duke and Mrs. Portis,
Both graceful, fair, and tall;
Mrs. Thomas and Joel Mathews,
Constant friends, and kind to all.

Mrs. "Hamp" Coleman, pious, good, and kind,
Mrs. Tom Walker, just and true;
And Mrs. Dowman, calm and reserved—
They all pass now in view.

We live again in those olden days,
Those golden days that are passed;
So many familiar scenes come back
In the shadows that fly so fast!

The commons, with their grass so green,
Those large, old, village oaks,
That cast their cool, protecting shade
Over crowds of gay young folks.

A picture grand now there appears—
The militia, in full review;
With banner flying and martial tread,
They come within our view.

We hear the sound of the big bass drum,
The music of the fife,
And see those muster days again,
Replete with joy and life.

Billy McCracken* is the drummer bold,
Who leads the troop along:
With tall blue cap and feather red,
He halts before the throng.

And with a loud, resounding note,
He beat the drum that day,
And rattled and tapped, and tapped and rattled,
As the soldiers marched away.

And Warren Andrews dashed around,
Grand Marshal of the day;
And Captain Lewis, on prancing steed,
His red sash flashing gay.

Now the beautiful belles of all those years
Appear upon the scene,
With sparkling eyes and laughing lips,
All standing on the green.

Addie Davis, with her large, black eyes,
Mel Walker, loved by all;
Lucy Mathews with her winsome ways,
Margaret Bush we too recall.

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*Billy McCracken, a free negro, who was the well-known drummer on all public parades in Cahaba.

Mary Babcock, with sweet, modest face,
And Ann, with hair so brown
And merry, laughing, bright, blue eyes—
The prettiest girl in town.

There were Anna Diggs and Lizzie Diggs,
And Lucy Bell, so courted;
And Maggie Gayle and Jennie Gill,
Whose beauty was far noted.

There were Sallie Craig and Georgie Craig,
And Evie McLemore,
And Laura Milhouse and Mary Perine—
All beauties of long ago.

There were Mary Campbell and Lizzie Arthur,
Among the girls so fair;
And Sallie Walker, with rosy mouth
And youthful, happy air.

There were Isadore Hill and Mollie McCurty,
Lizzie English, with heart so true;
And Kate B. Evans, of brilliant mind,
All pictured in full view.

A score of others are standing there,
'Mid the soldier boys so gay,
With banner flying and music sweet,
On that bright, festal day.

Part II.

And now the old courthouse appears,
Reflected on the scene—
A large, strong building of red brick,
Amid the trees so green.

Near by the great artesian well,
With its never-ceasing flow
Of bright and sparkling water;
And the heavy, iron door

Of the jail and probate office,
Not so many steps apart,
In charge of old Judge Rainer
And Bob Roberts, of generous heart.

Once more we hear the crier's call:
"The Court is 'bout to meet!"
His Honor is in his robes again,
Each lawyer in his seat.

We hear the old familiar names—
Judge Cook is on the bench,
John C. Campbell is standing near,
Briefed, ready for defense.

Bill Yancey is there, in his full pride,
George Gayle is in his prime;
Lapsley and Blake—Bill Murphy, too—
Are waiting for their time.

And W. M. Brooks, ever courteous and kind,
With intellect grand in action;
In the corridor of fame his name shall remain
Undisputed by party or faction.

John Morgan stands by with massive mind,
In oratory brilliant and eloquent;
Rees Gayle is there, with argument clear,
And rhetoric splendid and trenchant.

Judge Pettus and Dawson* are both in Court,
Learned lawyers, and deep in debate;

*N. H. R. Dawson, of Selma, Ala.

John Williams and Lodor, Saunders and White,
Chancellor Clark, Gus Coleman,* and Spaight.

Dan Troy, Kit Pegues, William Boyd, and Blake,
Jackson Bradley and Lewis apace;
And Cumolander is running around,
Getting the jury in place.

The Dallas *Gazette* is now thrown aside,
With its advertisements for runaway slaves,
And its editorial, strong and bright,
From the pen of Charley Hays.

Brazile, the clerk, is at his desk,
The court's now in full session;
We hear again those brilliant minds,
Of the times before secession.

So proud and grand they looked that day,
Those knights of olden time,
With stiff, white fronts and tall, silk hats
And broadcloth suits so fine!

Then, at the merry, festal board,
Of bar dinners and bar suppers,
They met and jested, laughed and talked,
And flashed their wit upon us.

And at Aicardie's grand saloon
The hours flew all too fast—
In laughing over old-time jokes
And taking the social glass.

Then came the happy Christmas time,
The old town with joy was bright;
The new year calls, the "G. G. H." balls,
Their torchlight procession at night.

---

*Judge A. R. Coleman, now of Birmingham, Ala.

And then the great Masonic fête,
And the Odd Fellows' ball so grand
At the Saltmarsh Hall, in the year '58,
To the fairest within the land.

And the Thespian Society followed too,
With a play at Bell's famous hotel,
Just across from Perine's store
And the old moss-covered well.

We hear the click of the billiard ball,
The rattle of dice as we pass,
And see the lights from the barrooms flash,
As night's shadows gather fast.

We hear the sound of the hunter's horn,
And the yelp of the dogs as they run;
And see those princely sportsmen again,
All out for a night of fun.

William Davis, Ed Vasser, and William Quarles,
And Stark Hunter, with dashing ways,
And Darius Curtis—all come back
In these visions of olden days.

Bruce Gill, Bob Hatcher, and Emmit George,
Ed Milhouse, graceful and slender,
And Walter Milhouse and Rufus Gill,
Gay and handsome—all remember.

All booted and spurred, on prancing steeds,
They meet near Saltmarsh Hall,
Off on a fox hunt, in Portland beat,
Then back for party or ball.

And now a fearful scene we see—
The town with passion is rife!
The Bells, Dr. Hunter, Troy, and Judge Bird
Meet in a battle for life!

And when to an end the duel had come,
The end of that fatal affray,
The Bells had fallen, both father and son,
Near the end of a bright autumn day.

Laid in one grave together, they rest
In the cemetery old and lone,
Where the sobbing pines, to the evening breeze,
Their requiem ever shall mourn.

. . . . . .

But months pass on, brighter scenes return,
Gay life and mirth abound;
Each face beams now with exultant joy—
We've a railroad on the ground!

Prominent men from all the country round,
High officials of the State,
Are with us on this gala day,
The event to celebrate.

We see with others in the crowd
Stanch, loyal General King;
And our thoughts travel back once more
On memory's golden wing.

Again we hear his words ring out,
Strong, clear, and most emphatic:
"The road shall not fail; money are power,
And I, and I are got it!"

His pledge made good, the railroad lies
A firm, established fact;
The engine, wreathed in flowers gay,
Is mounted on the track.

Brilliant speeches and a barbecue
Are programmed for the day;
And Mrs. Pegues again appears
In gorgeous, grand array.

With smiling face and graceful words.
She smashed a foaming bottle;
As she christened the engine with champagne,
Jerry Munn was at the throttle.

We hear the locomotive shriek—
Loud shouts sound all around:
"We've a railroad now to Marion,
A plank road to Uniontown!

And Cahaba we expect to grow
Into a great, extensive city—
A rival to Mobile we know,
While Selma has our pity."

Part III.

And now comes the eventful year of '59—
Political differences culminate and combine;
John Brown, on his raid, into Virginia rode
To arm our negroes with fire and sword,

To set them free and ruin our land,
And destroy the Southrons to a man;
And though he was caught and justly hung,
Our country's troubles had just begun.

And when in '60 Abe Lincoln's elected,
Our hearts the bitterest resentment reflected.
Alabama seceded—bitter passion is rife—
The North and the South are ready for strife.

Wild with excitement, and meetings at night,
Our town is eager to enter the fight;
And now, in place of party and ball,
Political banquets are given by all.

At one of these banquets, a brilliant ovation,
In speeches the North was condemned as a nation;
And George W. Gayle joined his glass in a toast
With "death and damnation to the whole Yankee host."

And then in an eloquent oration he led
And offered a reward for Abe Lincoln's head;
One million dollars was the sum he named,
For which he became in the South so famed.

In the flush of secession, a thoughtless boast,
A reckless defiance to the Northern host;
It went out to the world in the weekly edition
Of John Hardy's paper,* famed for its sedition.

And was copied in all the Northern papers,
Who execrated our Southern traitors;
And George W. Gayle, with our leaders of State,
Became a target for Yankee hate.

So to the year of '61 the tide of Time rolls on;
The rumor of strife, the alarms of war,
The signal gun, that's heard from afar,
Overshadows our fair town.

At the tap of the drum, with the blue cockade,
Are gathered the flower of our land
To don the gray and march away
To meet an invading band.

The name of "Cahaba" is on their shields,
On their rifles, gleaming and bright;
Miss Vasser presented the colors so gay
To the gallant men who marched away,
So proudly marched that night.

Kit Pegues, the company's captain brave,
Accepted that banner fair;

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*The Selma *Times*.

And, as he flung it to the breeze,
Wild plaudits filled the air.

The band struck up the "Bonnie Blue Flag,"
The soldiers marched around;
And the drum gave forth its martial sound,
Beat now by gay Tom Brown.

And John T. Morgan* played the fife
As it never was played before;
And we hear its notes reëcho still
Through the years, as they come and go.

Ah me! the memory of all those years
That come with their joys, their smiles, their tears!
Cahaba so bright, so brilliant, so gay;
And the soldier boys, who marched away.

But 'neath all this gladness, joy, and mirth
Were many an anxious heart and lonely hearth,
And prayers for our boys who wore the gray,
Our boys who bravely marched away.

And when, from bloody Antietam,
The sad news filled our Southern land,
Of the Cahaba Rifles, our company so brave,
Many had filled a soldier's grave.

And, at the end of that fatal day,
When the roll was called, after the carnage and fray,
Only five† could be found of that noble band
Who risked their lives to save our land.

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*Late United States Senator from Alabama.

†My father, Col. Rees D. Gayle, Capt. E. B. Mosely, of Bogue Chitto, and Mr. Halsey Smith, of Carlowville, were three of the five members of the Cahaba Rifles to be found the morning after the battle of Antietam.

Dead, wounded, or missing was the message that came
To our sad hearts, aching with sorrow and pain;
But, like the matrons of old, we buried our grief
And more fervently prayed for our country's relief.

Then followed the years wearily by;
But bitter tears fell from many a sad eye—
Cahaba became an army post
And a prison, too, for the captured host;

And about Babcock's large, brick warehouse
Extended a stockade so far,
And within its strong, high, grim walls
Were the Yankee prisoners of war.

And now, as the curtain of Time unrolls,
'Sixty-four appears on its magic folds—
Brave soldiers are camping in the town,
And officers gay are riding around.

Refugees are with us from afar—
New Orleans, Memphis, other seats of war—
Their homes were burned by the Yankee braves,
And they forced to flight with their children and slaves.

Beautiful belles of those years are also there,
With silks and jewels and laces rare,
Dug from the chests of long ago,
Old-time dresses their grandmothers wore.

Some gowned in homespun, with a princess's air,
And hats of palmetto covered heads so fair;
There were dinners and suppers in the town so gay,
And parties and balls in the war time way.

Fair hands, too, were busy all the day,
At work for the soldier boys far away—
Knitting and sewing and making clothes,
With prayers to God to defeat our foes.

And the tide of the years turns backward,
And again, as in olden days,
We see our beautiful maidens,
With their winning Southern ways.

There was Mary Evans, graceful and proud,
And Alice Gayle, so smart;
And Roberta Evans, calm and cold,
But with a warm, true heart.

There was Lucy Pettus, loyal and true,
And Mary Saunders, queenly;
And Sophia, with her merry laugh
And happy heart so seemly.

Mary Johnson, with her modest air,
And strong, intellectual face;
And Lizzie Rainer, a slender girl,
Of gentle, quiet grace.

There were Eliza Stark and Emma Arther,
Both bright and fascinating;
And "Tack" Craig, whose beguiling ways
Some found so aggravating.

There were Fannie and Mississippi Bush,
And Anna Vasser, gifted,
Whose brilliant, bright, and facile mind
Dark shadows ever lifted.

There were Mattie Mathews, stately and rare,
And Texcie Dunham, a beauty;
And Sallie Perine, majestic and fair,
With her high sense of duty.

There were Ellen Craig and Adra Perine,
Sallie Hunter, so debonair;
And Rebecca Mathews and Willie Dunham,
With beautiful eyes and hair.

Fannie Hunter, with sweet Madonna face
And large eyes, soft and brown;
And Nannie Hunter, of girlish grace,
With brown curls tumbling down.

There were Fannie Pegues, a slight brunette,
Octa Babcock, fair and slender;
Pamelia Bush and Alice Watts,
With hearts kind, true, and tender;

And Ella Hines and Betty Watts,
Sallie Gayle, both bright and witty;
And Kate Evans, with black, twinkling eyes,
All youthful, gay, and pretty.

There was Hattie Stringfellow *"en tableau"*
Of the Empress Josephine,
Resplendent in the royal robes
Of her coronation scene;

And A. B. Griffin—Napoleon—
With the coronet of France
To place upon her queenly brow,
And Her Majesty thus enhance;

And Charley Hays, as Pope of Rome,
Stands by, in solemn state,
To give his benediction
To this travesty of Fate.

And Medora Mathews, of elegant mien,
Lovely, accomplished—a social queen—
We see her again, in velvet and plume,
With General Loring in full costume.

Dashing by in a handsome turnout,
With trappings of silver that flash about!
Spirited horses, prancing in vain,
'Gainst the colored coachman who holds the rein!

And now come the radiant refugee girls—
Beautiful Miss Haley, with teeth like pearls;
Miss Page, so handsome; Miss Talbot, so tall;
Mattie McClellan, bewitching; Nettie Watkins, so small;

Fannie Garland, so dark; and Kate, so fair,
So frail and fragile, with soft, brown hair;
And last, but not least, of that bright band,
Mrs. Bullock, a gay widow, from Georgia's land.

And the brilliant officers, then at the Post,
Are with us again—a gallant host;
Their names now appear, written in space,
As an invisible hand their features trace:

Majors Hilliard and Gasset, in gold lace so grand;
Major Chambliss, a fine, dashing young man;
Dr. Weedon, quite polished; Col. Weedon, urbane;
Young Captain John Purtam, handsome and vain.

The surgeons, too, Hill, Whitfield, and Force,
Are fine looking men, who honor the Post;
Dr. Prophlay, small, of dignified form;
Dr. Maddin, Tom Summers, and young Dr. Orm.

Captains Watkins and Read and Carrington we see,
And the two Captains Nelson, all handsome and free;
Young Humphreys and Crutcher, so gloomy and tall;
And one other young captain—by name, Nuthall.

And the chaplain, Henderson, so brilliant and bright,
And Lieutenant McClenan, a tall, fair knight;
Captains Metcalf, Reco, and Captain LaFay,
And Captain John Allison, though married, quite gay.

There was General Dan Adams, courteous and bland,
Belonging to Forrest's noted command;
And Bedford and Robertson, of handsome face,
Polished young captains, of manly grace.

And Lieutenant Pinkney, young and brave,
Who was doomed to fill an early grave;
Captains Garland and Porter, too, we recall,
As the flickering shades of twilight fall.

Now Golsby's Cavalry dashes by
On prancing steed, with flashing eye—
Young and gay, those boys in gray,
Handsome and brave in that early May.

And we hear the echo of their horses' feet.
As they clatter away far down the street;
Like Centaurs they ride, all in a race,
Back to camp at the Dawson place.

And once more we hear the sentinel's tread.
The sound of the evening gun,
And the bugle's loud call to reveille
Ere the rising of the sun.

And at evening the music of the band
Comes with the scent of clover,
As it softly plays, in sad refrain,
"When This Cruel War Is Over."

And the martial strains of "Dixie"
Sound far beyond the hill
And a lonely cornet answers
In "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

"The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Maryland"
Now float upon the breeze,
As a whiff of Cape Jasmine's rich perfume
Comes through the mulberry trees.

And once more we hear "Lorena,"
With its throbbing, human pain,
Sung by the brave young soldiers,
And "Rock Me to Sleep Again,"

"All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night!"
Its memory we cannot smother;
And we hear again that sad, old song,
"Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Now the strains of other music
Float out on the soft moonlight—
Col. George W. Gayle playing on his flute
"Oft in the Stilly Night."

And we see the moonlight shadows,
And the fireflies flashing around;
And we live again those brilliant nights,
Those nights in the gay old town.

Part IV.

And now came the spring of dark '65,
When the river god, angry, caused the waters to rise
From the grand Alabama and the little Cahaba;
And, passing all bounds, burst out of their border.

Rushing and meeting, they swept over the town,
Those dark, seething waters; and then quieted down
To a murmuring ripple and gentle flow,
As they rapidly rose up to each door.

For a time, like Venice, despite this disaster,
We lived on the waters and soon became master
Of the flood, and visited and flirted
In birch bark canoes, so many asserted,

On those beautiful nights, 'neath the moon's bright ray,
On the river's broad bosom floated ladies so gay,
With music and song and officers brave;
And prisoners, on parole, steered the boat through the wave,

And when the waters receded and left us,
The sad news from the front of all hope bereft us—
Our army was broken, scattered, and lost,
And orders now came to abandon the Post.

And then came the scullions, the Northern invaders—
An army of locusts were Wilson's great raiders,
Who devastated our land, stole all they could find:
Jewels and silver, mules, horses, and kine.

But few found their way to our dear village,
Though we constantly dreaded carnage and pillage;
For the Post was abandoned, our soldiers had gone,
And only two men were left in the town.

One was Brenner, a German who feared no harm,
And a young lawyer, Sam Shepard, who had lost an arm;
Other citizens, too old to enter the war,
Sought safety in flight to the woods afar.

In a few weeks more, on that fatal May morning,
Our hearts were appalled at the surrender of Lee.
"All save honor was lost," our country had fallen,
Our land was in ruin, our negroes were free.

And now, with a courage born of despair,
We turn from the present to a future more fair;
Hiding our scars, we laughed and we jested
At the ironclad oaths by which we were tested.

Our hearts yearned again for the old-time ways,
The parties, the balls, the dinners, the plays;
And soon the old town with mirth was bright,
And again could be heard the music at night.

The first entertainment after the war*
Was a brilliant affair, a ball *de rigueur;*

*A large party at Col. G. W. Gayle's, in November, 1865.

The ladies wore cashmere, satin, and pearls,*
And blond lace and tarlatan adorned the fair girls.

Again, with gentlemen in citizens' clothes,
We danced and were happy, forgetting our foes;
Unheeding the specter that stood at our feast,
We cherished fond hopes that our troubles had ceased.

But alas! came the days of dark reconstruction;
Our town to its center with grief was torn,
When George W. Gayle was arrested for treason
And off to the North a prisoner was borne.

Though utterly ignorant of Booth and his plan
To murder Lincoln, the Northern land
Remembered his words, in the excitement of war,
And arrested him now as a conspirator.

He was cast in prison, at Fortress Monroe,
With John A. Campbell and Clay,
Where Jeff Davis, our honored President,
In irons and shackles lay.

By command of that monster in human form—
The illustrious Nelson Miles—
Who, with Stanton and others then in power,
Were fiends in men's disguise.

Part V.

Old Time now turns another leaf—
'Sixty-six is now the year;
And the belles and beaux of '58
Are staid men and women here.

*Pearl bead trimmings were greatly in vogue at this time.

Among the matrons whom we see,
Four as brides we well recall—
Mrs. Ben Craig, with sweet, modest face;
Mrs. Will Boyd, admired by all;

Mrs. Will Boynton, too, a blushing bride,
A belle from Talladega;
And Mrs. Dean, a Northern girl
Of youthful grace and vigor.

And still gay scenes are pictured bright,
Scenes of a later age—
A night in May, with maidens rare,
Just entering on life's stage:

Mollie Hunter, a stately "Queen of May,"
Is seated on her throne
Of flowers, with their rich perfume,
Which on the air is borne.

Around her gather all her maids:
Each represents a season,
Who bring their fruits from every clime
And bright flowers without reason.

Anna Gayle, as blushing Spring, appears
With a basket full of posies;
Fannie Milhouse, as blooming Summer,
With a wreath entwined with roses;

Mamie Gayle brings Autumn leaves and grapes
To offer to our Queen;
And Lucy Walker, Winter's fruits
Encased in leaves of green;

Kittie Watson, with scepter of flowers white,
Stands just beside the throne;
And the beautiful crown by Ida Craig
Aloft is proudly borne—

With waving curls and rosy cheeks
And brown eyes, sparkling gay,
And merry, glad, and laughing lips,
She crowned the Queen of May.

Among the girls in that gay scene,
Replete with youth's bright faces,
Is Ella Milhouse, so pretty and mild,
Observed in all such places.

There are Sallie Farley and Anna Arther,
And Ellen and Bettie Shields,
And Alvena White—their many charms
A mystic power wields.

There is Mollie Pettus and Fannie Thom,
And Lizzie Dawson's well-known face;
And Mamie Morgan and Kate McCraw
In all their girlish grace.

And among the manly forms we see
Amid that scene so gay,
Remaining ever on memory's walls
In that sweet night of May,

Are Charley English and William Craig,
And Sam and Danet Hill,
Whose bright and cheery laugh rings out
On that summer night so still.

John Hunter, with bright, racy jest,
Landon Watts, of quiet mind;
Pat Sparrow, brilliant in repartee,
Within the crowd we find.

George Craig, in military dress,
A captain in full honors
From Tuscaloosa's martial halls,
With gold lace flashed among us.

And Henry Dowman, dark and tall,
Hal Walker, tall and fair;
And Ned Hunt, all reserve,
With proud, *distingué* air.

Finley White and Joel Mathews,
And the Smiths, from over the river;
And gay John Babcock and Tom Moss,
John Shields and D. McKeever.

John H. Morgan, with his brilliant mind;
James Milhouse, gay and cheerful;
And Willie Cade, so bright and quick,
But in logic always careful.

George Norris and Sam Shepard,
A. B. Griffin, too, is there;
And that sweet old tune of "Money Musk"
Floats merrily on the air.

And in that gorgeous springtime
We pass glad, happy hours,
Young people wandering in the woods,
Gathering the sweet, wild flowers—

The sweet shrub and the woodbine,
The honeysuckle and dogwood white,
The golden yellow jasmine—
Will never fade from sight.

And their wild and spicy odors
Come with the memory of years,
When life was one long, sweet dream,
And the future had no fears.

Part VI.

But alas! how soon the bright days pass by,
And clouds obscure the clear, blue sky!
Damocles' sword by Fate is suspended,
And those glad, joyous days are soon to be ended.

For in the near future dark clouds are woven—
Our neighboring city a false friend has proven!
In her small, infant state, she asked for our aid—
With ingratitude great, our kindness repaid.

Trusting her promise, we helped her to vote,
And joined her petition for a full city court;
Betraying our trust, she turned in her greed
And demanded the courthouse—forgetting our need.

By the power of vote, and a small local faction,
Our town now lost its greatest attraction;
All the "Records of Dallas," so aged and gray,
Were carried to Selma, just ten miles away.

And that "Temple of Justice," that old courthouse,
Whose forum was famed throughout the great South
For its brilliant orators and bright, legal minds,
Alone and deserted now we find.

Used as a millhouse—sad irony of Fate!
Corn is now ground in its old room of State.
Where the eloquence of Yancey and Murphy burst forth,
No voice is now heard but the miller's rude oath.

And Cahaba! Cahaba! so brilliant and gay,
Is left to destruction, neglect, and decay;
Her children are scattered like the sands of the sea,
And ruin now rests on our fair Galilee.

Her streets are deserted, save now and then
May be seen the rude forms of old negro men.
And when night's shadows begin to fall,
No sound can be heard but the lone owl's call

Or the scudding wings of the bat as it flies
From some lone, bleak house to bright, starry skies;
Or the whip-poor-will's song we knew as a child,
Haunting the gloaming, so sad, so wild.

That strange weird note of that bird of unrest,
Like a poor, human mortal by misery oppressed,
It sounds in the distance sad and low
In constant refrain, "Chip-will's-widow."

Rising and falling, it floats on the air,
Like some lone soul calling to one in despair,
Who, lost in misfortune, now wanders round,
Seeking its mate in the old ruined town.

Like the "Ghost of the Past," it will never be still,
But comes to us ever at its own sweet will;
And in memory's hall, forever and aye,
Cahaba will live—ever bright, ever gay.

Song: On the Banks of Old Cahaba.

On the banks of old Cahaba,
  Where the rippling waters flow,
And the stately Alabama
  Glides and sparkles in the glow
Of the bright and brilliant moonlight
  In this sweetest of all climes,
I sit down with my banjo
  And sing about old times.

Chorus.

For the old town now is silent,
Sadness lingers all around;
There is not a soul to greet me,
Not an old friend to be found.

I wander round the quiet streets,
I see each well-known place,
And memory brings to mind again
Each old familiar face;
But the days are sad and lonely,
The nights are drear and long—
There is not a soul to greet me,
Or listen to my song.

But I think about the old days,
Those days so bright and fair;
And again I see Cahaba,
Like a jewel, rich and rare,
Sparkling in the sunlight
Of a happy, glorious past;
And I live again the old days,
Those days too bright to last.

I hear the church bells ringing—
How they peal upon the air!
And I see those grand old people
Who in days past worshiped there;
I hear the merry laughter
Of the happy girls and boys;
And I live the old days over,
Those days with all their joys.

I hear the old-time music
Of the violin at night,
And I see the stately dancers
Pass again before my sight.

With the flash of brilliant beauty
Comes the flowers' rich perfume,
And I live those old days over,
Those days that passed too soon.

I try to sing the old songs,
But the tears begin to flow
As I think of old Cahaba
In the days of long ago—
In that glad and happy springtime,
When the roses were in bloom,
And we walked and talked together
'Neath the shadows of the moon.

I've wandered far in distant lands,
I've sailed the earth around,
But I've never found another spot
I love like this dear old town;
But my path's been rough and weary,
I have lingered on the way,
And now there is none to greet me,
Not one to bid me stay.

Chorus.

For the old town now is silent,
Sadness lingers all around;
There is not a friend to greet me,
They all, all now are gone.

Roster.

One of the bravest and most gallant companies ever organized for the Confederate Army, and one whose splendid record was not surpassed by any command in the South was the "Cahaba Rifles," Company F, Fifth Alabama Regiment.

The company was organized in Cahaba April 16, 1861; and, when the tocsin sounded, men of wealth and position left everything and hurried to join its standard. Brave youths, in the first flush of early manhood, whose future was brilliant with promise, eagerly enlisted and marched away to yield up their lives on the first battlefield. The heart swells and the eye grows dim with sad, sweet memories of a never-to-be-forgotten past, as their names are recalled and their well-remembered faces arise before us from the shadows of vanished years.

The following is the history compiled by Capt. Charles Irby Pegues, of Dallas County, brother of Col. Christopher Pegues, who was made adjutant of the Fifth Alabama Infantry on April 27, 1862. After the death of Col. Christopher C. Pegues, his mother presented this document to Mr. G. Waring Smith, who was himself a gallant member of the Rifles, and through his courtesy I am permitted to use it:

C. C. Pegues. Elected captain of Company F (Cahaba Rifles) January 14, 1861; served twelve months and elected colonel; mortally wounded in battle of Gaines' Mills, June 27, 1862; died July 15, 1862.

Thomas H. Lewis. Elected first lieutenant January 14, 1861; resigned November, 1861; went home and raised a company of Partisan Rangers.

Henry Brooks. Elected second lieutenant January 14, 1861; served twelve months; elected first lieutenant April 22, 1862; refused to accept; went home; elected first lieutenant of Lewis's Partisan Rangers.

Joseph Babcock. Elected third Lieutenant January 14, 1861; served twelve months; elected second lieutenant April 27, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant May 12, 1862; killed in battle at Gaines' Mills.

No. 1. J. L. Beach. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, Ala., by Captain C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected first sergeant May 20, 1861; sergeant, May 1, 1862; deserted in battle of Boonesboro, Md., September 14, 1862.

No. 2. C. B. Sturdevant. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected second sergeant; appointed fifth sergeant major April 27, 1862; wounded in battle at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; captured and exchanged.

No. 3. Frank Bradley. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected third sergeant April 4, 1861; discharged for disability February 5, 1861; enlisted again in Lewis's Partisan Rangers.

No. 4. Robert H. Lake. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected fourth sergeant January 14, 1861; appointed quartermaster sergeant January 1, 1863; captured on retreat from Pennsylvania and sent to Fort Delaware.

No. 5. John A. Duke, first corporal. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected first corporal January 14, 1861; died January 27, 1861, of disease at Union Mills, Va.

No. 6. W. A. Holston, second corporal. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected second corporal April 4, 1861; discharged for disability July 12, 1861; enlisted in First Alabama Heavy Artillery; died of smallpox.

No. 7. John F. Garrett, third corporal. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected third corporal January 14, 1861; wounded in battle June 27, 1862; blind from wounds.

No. 8. John A. Gardner, fourth corporal. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected fourth corporal January 14, 1861; killed in battle at Seven Pines, Va., May 31, 1862.

PRIVATES.

No. 9. Andrews, Joseph. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died November 29, 1861, of disease.

No. 10. Andrews, J. N. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected first sergeant April 27, 1862; slightly wounded in battle June 27, 1862; wounded and lost a leg in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; captured, paroled, and exchanged.

No. 11. Andrews, W. T. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; wounded in battle June 27, 1862; discharged for disability November 21, 1862, by Secretary of War.

No. 12. Allen, H. O. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; appointed drummer July 10, 1862.

No. 13. Allen, H. A. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died April 26, 1862, of disease.

No. 14. Alexander, W. F. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. L. Brown, for one year; disabled by accidental wounds and discharged June 25, 1862.

No. 15. Arnier, W. H. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability January 22, 1862.

No. 16. Babcock, John. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; disabled by wounds in battle May 31, 1862; discharged October 13, 1862, by Secretary of War; enlisted again in Lewis's Partisan Rangers.

No. 17. Bassett, James. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; captured in battle at Boonesboro, Md., September 14, 1862, and exchanged October 8, 1862; captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863, and sent to Fort Donelson.

No. 18. Bassett, P. L. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieutenant Brown, for one year; died July 12, 1862, at Banner Hospital, Richmond, Va., of wounds received in battle June 27.

No. 19. Beach, James. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieutenant Brown, for one year; transferred from Company H, where he had enlisted as a substitute for twelve months; time expired August 1, 1863; discharged.

No. 20. Beene, W. A. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle July 27, 1862, at Cold Harbor, Va.

No. 21. Blair, George. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 19, 1862, of disease.

No. 22. Blount, Peter M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; slightly wounded in battle at Boonesboro, Md., September 14, 1862.

No. 23. Booth, H. C. Enlisted July 27, 1862, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; elected second corporal April 27, 1862; wounded in battle May 31, 1862.

No. 24. Boseman, I. Enlisted September 8, 1862, in Lowndes County, by Captain Stewart, for the war. Conscript with company.

No. 25. Bradford, John. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; mortally wounded in battle May 31, 1862.

No. 26. Bradley, T. P. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle May 31, 1862.

No. 27. Campbell, R. E. Enlisted April 10, at Cahaba, Ala., by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; appointed Assistant Surgeon C. S. A., to the Forty-Fourth Georgia Regiment; since transferred to the hospital at Montgomery, Ala.

No. 28. Campbell, P. L. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; se-

verely wounded and captured at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 29. Capps, W. H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability January 22, 1862; enlisted again March 10, 1862; slightly wounded in battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

No. 30. Caswell, T. S. Enlisted May 30, 1861, at Pensacola, Fla., by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; transferred September 12, 1861, to Captain King's Fourth Alabama Regiment.

No. 31. Cannon, F. A. Enlisted June 27, 1861, at Farr's Crossroads, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle at Boonesboro, Md., September 14, 1862; now in Lewis's Partisan Rangers, having been transferred by exchange.

No. 32. Chadwick, S. W. Enlisted June 10, 1861, at Richmond, Va., by Capt. C. C. Pegues; transferred August 1, 1861, to Captain Hobson's Company, Fifth Alabama Regiment.

No. 33. Chilton, H. B. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; appointed color corporal May 20, 1861; was color bearer and killed in battle June 27, 1862, at Cold Harbor, Va.

No. 34. Chestnut, William M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died at First Alabama Hospital August 16, 1862, of disease.

No. 35. Chestnut, R. C. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieutenant Brown, for one year; died October 30, 1861, of pneumonia.

No. 36. Clothier, G. E. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.; disabled for further field service.

No. 37. Cocheron, J. P. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; transferred July 16, 1862, to Captain Blackford's Company, Fifth Alabama Regiment; died of smallpox.

No. 38. Coleman, J. A. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died November 17, 1861, of pneumonia.

No. 39. Coleman, J. J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; slightly wounded in battle June 27, 1862, at Cold Harbor, Va.; mortally wounded in battle of Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; died May 3, 1863.

No. 40. Coleman, J. R. Enlisted April 10, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability February 25, 1862; returned and again enlisted for the war.

No. 41. Coleman, W. H. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 30, 1862, of disease.

No. 42. Cooper, H. M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability May 13, 1862.

No. 43. Costigan, Patrick. Enlisted March 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; slightly wounded in battle June 27, 1862; left as nurse in hospital at Gettysburg, captured and sent to Fort Donelson.

No. 44. Chisholm, Thomas. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; captured in battle at Boonesboro, Md., September 14, 1862; paroled, sent home, and exchanged.

No. 45. Craig, William. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; discharged for disability; went home and joined an Alabama Regiment, Bragg's Army.

No. 46. Craig, E. E. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; discharged for disability October 18, 1861.

No. 47. Curtis, J. R. Enlisted at Cahaba March 10, 1862, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; killed in battle at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.

No. 48. Damon, G. H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died of

wounds received in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.

No. 49. Daniels, P. S. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.

No. 50. Dallas, W. H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; sent home from Union Mills, November 26, to hospital, very sick; not heard from since, supposed to have died.

No. 51. Davis, John. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died May 10, 1862, of disease.

No. 52. Diggs, J. S. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Captain C. C. Pegues, for three years; disabled by wounds received in battle July 1, 1862; discharged November 25, 1862.

No. 53. Ellerbe, E. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability September 3, 1861.

No. 54. Ellis, J. M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected fourth sergeant April 24, 1862; killed in battle July 1, at Malvern Hill, Va.

No. 55. Ellis, F. J. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieutenant Brown, for one year.

No. 56. Etheridge, D. L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle June 27, 1862; promoted second lieutenant September 26, 1862; wounded in battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; promoted first lieutenant.

No. 57. Etheridge, Caleb. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; wounded in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.; disabled and detailed at General Hospital, at Petersburg, Va.

No. 58. Etheridge, F. J. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died August 8, 1862, of disease.

No. 59. Etheridge, James. Enlisted March 10, 1862,

at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 10, 1862.

No. 60. Erwin, James. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability September 4, 1861; went home and enlisted again in an Alabama Regiment, Bragg's Army.

No. 61. Farr, Charles. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; killed in battle June 27, 1862, at Cold Harbor, Va.

No. 62. Farley, J. C. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year: appointed Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., November, 1861.

No. 63. Gaddy, L. L. Enlisted June 20, 1861, at Farr's Crossroads, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability September 17, 1861.

No. 64. Gayle, R. D. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; wounded in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines; discharged in 1863; went home and enlisted in heavy artillery at Mobile, Ala.

No. 65. Garry, D. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; deserted May 20, 1861, at Pensacola, Fla.; supposed to have drowned in trying to get away.

No. 66. Garrett, J. S. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; slightly wounded in battle September 14, 1862; again wounded, mortally, in battle at Chancellorsville; died May 31, 1863.

No. 67. Gill, William G. Enlisted March 1, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; discharged for disability June 10, 1862.

No. 68. Grice, William. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 7, 1862, at Orange C. H., Va., of disease.

No. 69. Hardaway, J. J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; slightly wounded in battle June 27, 1862, at Cold Harbor, Va., where

his clothes were perforated with balls in several places.

No. 70. Harper, W. J. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; captured by the enemy in retreat from Pennsylvania July 1, 1863.

No. 71. Harper, J. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 19, 1862, of disease.

No. 72. Hatcher, W. H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines, Va.; captured at South Mountain September 14, 1862; promoted first corporal May 1, 1863; captured at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.

No. 73. Hatcher, James. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged October 29 for disability.

No. 74. Hill, Bennett. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year.

No. 75. Hill, D. M. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; appointed fourth lieutenant July 3, 1862; captured in battle at Boonesboro, Md., September 14, 1862; paroled; exchanged October 8, 1862; elected second lieutenant August 3, 1863; wounded in battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 76. Heidrick, J. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died August 2, 1861, at Lynchburg, Va., of disease.

No. 77. Heidrick, P. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died May 3, 1862.

No. 78. Holmes, J. L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; captured at the battle of Boonesboro, Md.; exchanged October 8, 1862; wounded in battle at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; promoted third corporal August 3, 1863.

No. 79. Holston, L. G. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year.

No. 80. Holloway, E. Y. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year.

No. 81. Hunter, Thomas. Enlisted July 1, 1861, at Farr's Crossroads, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; slightly wounded in battle May 31, 1862; elected second lieutenant May 12, 1862; resigned October 23, 1862.

No. 82. Hunter, R. D. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; transferred January 7, 1863, to Jenkins's Cavalry, Alabama Regiment.

No. 83. Hays, G. T. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year.

No. 84. Haggard, L. L. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; killed in battle at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 85. Husbands, W. C. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability February 25, 1862; enlisted in a South Carolina regiment.

No. 86. Jacobson, M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; severely wounded in battle July 1, 1862; disabled for further field service; discharged, 1862.

No. 87. Jackson, G. W. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years.

No. 88. Jennings, J. J. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year.

No. 89. Johnson, J. J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability June 25, 1862; enlisted in heavy artillery at Fort Morgan.

No. 90. Johnson, J. T. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown; mortally wounded in battle of Chancellorsville, Va.; died May 23, 1863.

No. 91. Jones, J. E. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; elected

first corporal April 22, 1862; killed in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.

No. 92. Jordan, H. C. Enlisted August 8, 1862, in Pike County, by Captain McBride, for the war, conscript; wounded in battle at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; paroled; exchanged February 4, 1864.

No. 93. Jordan, J. J. Enlisted August 8, 1862, in Pike County, by Captain McBride, for the war, conscript; wounded in battle at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; captured, paroled, and exchanged.

No. 94. Kennon, Robert L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines, Va.

No. 95. Kirkland, H. T. Enlisted March 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; detailed on government works, Selma, Ala.

No. 96. Kelly, Alexander. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected third sergeant April 27, 1862.

No. 97. Kelly, S. P. D. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown; died near Union Mills, Va., of disease, August 31, 1862.

No. 98. Lucas, O. M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; transferred to Company K, Ninth Alabama Regiment.

No. 99. Lucas, W. P. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died July 14, 1862, from wounds received in battle on June 27, 1862.

No. 100. Ledlow, A. R. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle of Sharpsburg, Md., September 14, 1862.

No. 101. Laster, R. C. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; left on guard at house, near Charlestown, Va., October 27, 1862; not heard from since, supposed to have deserted.

No. 102. Lester, J. B. Enlisted August 8, 1862, in Pike County, by Captain McBride, for the war, con-

script; wounded in battle of Chancellorsville, May 6, 1863; disabled for field service; now detailed on government works, Selma, Ala.

No. 103. McGuire, C. S. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability June 6, 1861.

No. 104. McElroy, T. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died at Orange C. H., Va., April 22, 1862, of disease.

No. 105. Mathews, W. H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died September 19, 1862, from wounds received in battle September 17, 1862.

No. 106. Matheson, J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; disabled by wounds received in battle May 31, 1862; discharged October 13, 1862; now engaged on government works, Selma, Ala.

No. 107. Mays, T. S. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died June 9, from wounds received in battle May 31, 1862.

No. 108. Mason, T. S. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died December 14, 1861, at Warrenton, Va., of disease.

No. 109. Mason, John. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 27, 1862, of disease.

No. 110. Morman, Jacob. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; detailed on government work September 16, 1862, by order of Secretary of War.

No. 111. Moreland, J. P. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; wounded in battle at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.

No. 112. Moss, Thomas K. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; appointed third corporal July 3, 1862.

No. 113. Moore, W. O. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; elected

third corporal April 27, 1862; killed in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines, Va.

No. 114. Mott, Silas J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.

No. 115. Mobly, W. W. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability September 5, 1861.

No. 116. Mosely, E. B. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected captain April 22, 1862; was previously elected junior second lieutenant January 7, 1862; wounded in battle of Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862; wounded in battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 117. Mosely, W. I. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, for three years, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; severely wounded in battle July 1, 1862—leg amputated.

No. 118. Mosely, T. I. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; captured in our retreat from Pennsylvania in July, 1863.

No. 119. Newsome, J. W. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; slightly wounded in battle May 31, 1862.

No. 120. Newberry, J. H. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; slightly wounded in battle June 27, 1863; transferred to a Georgia regiment in 1863.

No. 121. Norris, George W. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability September 4, 1862.

No. 122. Norris, Columbus L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died March 23, 1862, of disease.

No. 123. O'Donohoe, John. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; promoted to second corporal June 15, 1862; wounded in battle July 1, 1862; killed in battle of Chancellorsville May 2, 1863.

No. 124. Odell, A. H. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; wounded severely in battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; captured and paroled; exchanged February 4, 1864.

No. 125. O'Meara, William. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; killed in battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 126. Overtell, H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; discharged by order of Secretary of War July 29, 1862.

No. 127. Parkman, J. B. Enlisted August 8, 1862, in Pike County, by Captain McBride, for the war, conscript; wounded in battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

No. 128. Pearce, Joseph. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; killed in battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

No. 129. Pegues, Charles I. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; appointed third corporal September 5, 1861; appointed Adjutant of Fifth Alabama Infantry April 27, 1862; wounded in battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; prisoner at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; exchanged May 21, 1863; acting Assistant Adjutant General Battle's Brigade May 5 to September, 1864; wounded May 5, 1864; wounded September 3, 1864; retired February 5, 1865.

No. 130. Pence, E. B. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died at Union Mills, Va., September 24, 1861, of disease.

No. 131. Pope, A. B. Enlisted January 1, 1862, at Davis's Ford, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; slightly wounded July 1, 1862; elected second sergeant April 27, 1862; severely wounded and arm amputated at battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 132. Rainer, Frank M. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle of Chancellorsville May 3, 1863; captured, exchanged, disabled for further field service.

No. 133. Reed, George. Enlisted September 18, 1862, in Clarke County, by Captain Sewell, for the war—conscript.

No. 134. Rains, R. A. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability February 5, 1862.

No. 135. Roark, Walter. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, Ala., by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

No. 136. Rogan, Owen. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years.

No. 137. Rosseau, F. L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year.

No. 138. Russum, W. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle of Chancellorsville May 3, 1862.

No. 139. Smith, G. W. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; slightly wounded July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill; slightly wounded in battle at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; captured, paroled, exchanged.

No. 140. Smith, William. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died November 8, 1861, of disease.

No. 141. Spears, H. C. Enlisted April 27, 1861, at Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; wounded in foot at Warrenton Springs, Va.

No. 142. Speck, W. L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died of wounds received in battle at Cold Harbor, Va.

No. 143. Speck, Henry. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; discharged for disability November 30, 1861.

No. 144. Smyley, S. A. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues; died January 2, 1863, of pneumonia, at Winder Hospital, Richmond, Va.

No. 145. Smyley, C. F. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; dis-

charged for disability October 29, 1861; went home and joined the Ninth Alabama Battery; is now in the Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiment.

No. 146. Schneider, J. B. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; wounded severely in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines; disabled and discharged from service.

No. 147. Spradley, C. L. Enlisted September 9, in Butler County, by Captain Farrar, for the war—conscript.

No. 148. Summerlin, C. M. Enlisted September 9, in Butler County, by Captain Farrar, for the war—conscript.

No. 149. Swann, H. C. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle, 1862, at Boonesboro, Md.; captured and paroled; exchanged October 8, 1862; wounded and captured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863; paroled; exchanged February 4, 1864.

No. 150. Swann, Thomas. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability September 4, 1861; since joined Cocheron's Light Dragoons, on duty as General Bragg's guards.

No. 151. Templin, B. F. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year.

No. 152. Terry, C. H. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; died April 27, 1862, of disease.

No. 153. Thrash, W. H. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines, Va.

No. 154. Thrash, G. B. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; wounded in battle June 27, 1862, at Cold Harbor, Va.

No. 155. Trainum, Samuel. Enlisted September 9, 1862, in Butler County, by Capt. Farrar, for the war—conscript; captured in battle at Chancellorsville, Pa., May 3, 1863; paroled and exchanged.

No. 156. Trainum, J. W. Enlisted September 9, 1862, in Bulter County, by Captain Turner—conscript.

No. 157. Watts, L. G. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; wounded in battle July 1, at Malvern Hill, Va.; put in substitute May, 1863; has since joined Captain Golsby's command and stationed at Cahaba.

No. 158. Watson, George L. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; detailed in First Alabama Hospital by order of Secretary of War; since transferred to hospital at Fort Morgan, Ala.

No. 159. Walker, G. C. S. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability November 29, 1861; since joined Lewis's Partisan Rangers.

No. 160. Weaver, W. H. Enlisted September 9, 1862, in Butler County, by Captain Turner, for the war—conscript.

No. 161. Welch, John C. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.

No. 162. Westbrook, Thomas. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; passed through many battles unscathed; went home on furlough of indulgence, and died of pneumonia.

No. 163. Wilcox, W. A., Sr. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; discharged for disability April 26, 1862.

No. 164. Wilcox, W. A., Jr. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; killed in battle May 31, 1862, at Seven Pines, Va.

No. 165. Wilcox, A. J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected junior second lieutenant April 27, 1862; promoted second lieutenant May 12, 1862; promoted first lieutenant September 26, 1862; wounded in battle July 1, 1862; killed in battle July 1, 1863.

No. 166. White, J. D. Enlisted July 27, 1861, at

Cahaba, by Lieut. M. I. Brown, for one year; discharged for disability September 4, 1861.

No. 167. Wilder, W. A. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; died May 27, 1862, at Winder Hospital, of disease.

No. 168. White, John. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years; appointed quartermaster April 27, 1862; captured on our retreat from Pennsylvania July 1, 1863, and sent to Johnson's Island.

No. 169. Wilson, W. J. Enlisted April 10, 1861, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for one year; elected fourth corporal April 27, 1862; killed in battle at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.

No. 170. Cotton, William G. Enlisted September 5, 1862, in Tallapoosa, by Capt. Erford, for the war; transferred February 1, 1862; to Company G (Ferguson's Company), Fifth Alabama Regiment.

No. 171. Willet, L. D. Enlisted March 10, 1862, at Cahaba, by Capt. C. C. Pegues, for three years.

No. 172. Scott, William. Enlisted May 1, 1863, at Grace Church, Va., by Captain Hull, for war; enlisted as substitute for L. G. Watts, and transferred to Company —, Twenty-Sixth Alabama Regiment.

No. 173. Smith, L. A. H. Enlisted August 21, 1861, at Charleston, S. C., by Captain Barksdale, for three years; wounded and captured May 3, 1863; paroled and exchanged.

No. 174. Sam, D. K. Enlisted June 1, 1862, at Cahaba, by Captain Lewis, for three years; transferred from Lewis's Partisan Rangers, stationed at Talladega, Ala.

No. 175. Smith, John W. Enlisted May 5, 186—, at New Orleans, La., by Captain Hall.

No. 176. Farrell, Thomas. Enlisted July 1, 1861, in Perry County, Ala., by Captain McInnis, Company K, Eleventh Alabama Regiment.

Church History.

CHURCH HISTORY.

TAKEN from the Cahaba Church book, containing the names of the subscribers, the amount subscribed by each, together with the names of trustees, title papers, etc.:

CAHABA, ALA., December 10, 1839.

Names of persons who subscribed money for the first church ever built in Cahaba: W. L. Yancey, Mathew Gayle, Jesse Beene, H. Roiford, C. G. Edwards, W. T. Phillips, P. W. Herbert, George A. Evans, William Whitted, W. P. Dunham, E. G. Ulmer, T. K. Cornegay, Thomas W. Gill, Ira Cole, B. Johnson, John R. Hood, Perine & Crocheran, I. N. Campbell, Stewart George, A. Roberts, Joseph Babcock, Julius Snead, Will E. Bird, John McElroy, James B. Clarke, Isaac B. Ulmer, Joseph P. Saffold, Aiken Brazile, Philip Voglin, R. C. Crocheran, William Hendrick, Paul H. Earle, E. W. Saunders, L. D. Winnemore, John M. Walker, A. Saltmarsh, Benjamin C. Yancey, Joel E. Mathews, T. M. Jackson, J. A. English, Jacob Hoot, James D. Craig, Norwood & Olds, W. W. Fambro, Hamilton Quarles, Charles Dear, E. M. Perine, William R. King, H. Prait, I. B. Moseley, Louis Bassett, Stephen Crosby.

The list contains the names of fifty-two persons, all of whom have passed into the "great unknown." Some of these men filled high positions of trust and honor in the State and national affairs of the days in which they lived.

The first on the list, William Lowndes Yancey, was an editor, an orator, a Representative and Senator in the Legislature, a Representative in Congress, a Com-

missioner from the Confederate States to England and France to procure from those governments recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and was also a Senator in the Confederate Congress. As a speaker and orator, he was without peer.

Jesse Beene represented Dallas County in both Houses of the Senate.

Charles G. Edwards was a Senator from Dallas County.

Will E. Bird was Judge of the County Court of Dallas County.

James D. Craig was also Judge of the County Court for many years.

James B. Clarke was in the Legislature from Bibb County, and then was able Chancellor of the Southern Division of Alabama.

William Whitted was Clerk of the Circuit Court of Dallas County.

William T. Phillips served several terms in the Legislature, and in 1861 was a member of the Secession Convention.

Lewis D. Winnemore was at one time Clerk of the Circuit Court of Dallas County.

I. N. Campbell was once Sheriff of Dallas County.

Peter W. Herbert was a member of the House of Representatives for several terms.

Ethelbert W. Saunders was also a Representative from Dallas County for several terms.

Joseph P. Saffold was also a Representative from Dallas County, and was Chancellor of the Southern Division at the time of his death.

Benjamin C. Yancey, a brother of William L. Yancey, was several times a member of the Legislature in

South Carolina, to which State he returned after he helped build the "Cahaba Church." He afterwards came back to Alabama and settled in Cherokee County. "In 1855 he was brought out by the Democracy and elected to the State Senate, and at his first and only session was made President of that body."

George R. Evans was Register in Chancery and was Judge of the County Court and was in the Legislature.

William R. King was once a Representative in Congress from North Carolina, was a delegate to the Convention that formed the first constitution of Alabama, was a Senator in Congress from Alabama for many years, was Minister to France, and was elected Vice President in 1852 on the ticket with Franklin Pierce.

The subscriptions to the "Cahaba Church" ranged from five dollars to three hundred dollars. The cost of the building was $3,300. It was dedicated the first Sunday in May, 1840. By a resolution of the Board of Trustees, the church was used by the Episcopalians on the first Sunday in each month, by the Cumberland Presbyterians on the second Sunday, by the Methodists on the third Sunday, by the Presbyterians on the fourth Sunday, and by other denominations that should make the first appointment on the fifth Sunday.

In 1849 the Methodists built themselves a church and "swarmed later." The Episcopalians next built a church, and later still the Presbyterians erected their own house of worship. The Baptists then occupied the "Cahaba Church." This building still stands, but is not used, and is much decayed.

St. Luke's, the Episcopal church, was removed from Cahaba many years ago to Martin's neighborhood. The Presbyterian church was removed to Selma, and occupied by a colored congregation until it was burned. The Methodist church was of brick and is still standing in Cahaba. It is occupied by colored people.

MAR 11 1909

Personal C

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A charming little volume and
substantial contribution to ou
historical material.

I extend hearty congratulations

THOMAS M. OWEN,
State Historian of Alabama

The memory of Cahaba, the firs
State Capital of Alabama, now dea
past hope of resurrection should hav
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A newspaper man five years ag
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by Mrs. Anna Gayle Fry wh

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